

J. W. Champion  
LECTION



With English Versions by American Poets

*Compiled and Edited  
by*

FLORENCE HUDSON BOTSFORD

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NEW YORK





*J. Wendell Champion*

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# BOTSFORD COLLECTION OF FOLK-SONGS

With English Versions by American Poets

*Compiled and Edited*

*by*

FLORENCE HUDSON BOTSFORD

*Introduction by*

CARL ENGEL

VOLUME ONE

Songs from the Americas, Asia and Africa

*There I beheld a book  
With golden leaves clasped by two chrysolites  
Inscribed, "Of Humble Folk, Their Lives."  
And when one opened it, headlong there came  
A flood of simple, importuning song—  
Lays of the throistle and the soaring lark,  
With now and then a note from nightingale.  
... We might have had more joy of nightingales  
But for the mourning of unnumbered doves.*

—Images of a Mystic.

G. SCHIRMER (INC.), NEW YORK







## FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This revised edition of FOLK-SONGS contains many examples not found in previous editions and the larger part of the collection has never before been translated into English.

The editor has been guided throughout by a single purpose—to select the best known and most loved folk and composed songs—preferring those upon which time and usage have set the seal of approval. Nor has this choice been arbitrary since final decisions have frequently been made by native singers. It is hoped, therefore, that every selection will be found acceptable in the school and the home. The folk-lore student will miss odd and obscure songs—also many found in famous collections. Music lovers may look in vain for their favorites or find others in unexpected places. Many of these songs have been taken from the lips of singers in their own countries; but this fact, while it helps to determine the source of a folk-song, is not conclusive. World peoples are in constant migration. Their songs cross neighboring boundaries like seeds upon the wind. Where good tunes fall they persist and flourish, their life springs from the emotions and their natural soil is the human heart.

In bringing together songs of different races and translating them into a single language we make it possible for all lovers of music to enjoy a common heritage. But the rendering must be sympathetic as well as metrical. On the subject of translations authorities agree that a singing message in one tongue can rarely be conveyed to another without loss. Native singers who are bi-lingual quickly detect omissions and interpolations, and they resent the practice of separating the melody from the original text and substituting new words. A folk-song is a racial expression and the theme is wedded to the tune by use and tradition.

Indexed in these volumes are melodies from over forty different tongues and dialects and their use over a long period of time furnishes striking proof of song universality. With little urging or practice, scores of the foreign-born in this country have united their voices in singing each others' songs in the English language. For this triumph we must thank our lyric poets of distinction and verse-makers of merit who have thus given fresh proof of the flexibility of the English tongue.

---

The editor wishes to make acknowledgments to men and women in foreign countries who have generously assisted in making records of their folk-songs; to foreign-born men and women of this country for contributions placed at her disposal; to translators without whose aid the collection could not have been completed.

It is to be regretted that space does not allow individual mention of these co-workers, hundreds in number.

The editor is under obligation to musicians and composers for unsigned arrangements; especially to Franklin W. Robinson, for criticism and encouragement; also to Helen Jauncey Kingsbury, whose enthusiasm in the preparation of these songs has been a constant help.

Members of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations have always generously co-operated. The Chairmen of the Department of Immigration and Foreign Committees—Mrs. R. L. Dickinson, Mrs. Edith Terry Bremer, and Mrs. Elizabeth Hendee—have had long experience with the many-sided problems of immigration. Their interest and support has been unfailing.

Research has been furthered by the music collections in the British Museum, in Petrograd, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Bergen, The Hague, Brussels, Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Milan, Rome, Vienna and Budapest, as well as the public libraries of the United States. Hearty thanks are extended for kindly help of officials in these libraries.

These songs have been edited with permission of authors and publishers wherever known.

FLORENCE HUDSON BOTSFORD.

New York City,  
November, 1929.



## A REASON FOR FOLK-SONG

By CARL ENGEL

The singer in his morning tub and the whistling streetcar conductor may sing or whistle a tune they know, or they may give to a half-remembered melody a novel turn, add to it or cut from it, or reshape it entirely, and thus throw out the germinal spores of what, under the proper conditions, might grow into a new composition of anonymous origin, or into a folk-song.

These untutored composers are obviously musical; not always, perhaps, enough so to tell the difference between "Auld lang syne" and "Pop goes the weasel," but they have a natural bent for music. At least they resort to music spontaneously in "letting off steam," when some other man, for the same reason, may curse or giggle or whistle a stick. They follow an instinct similar to that which makes a man scratch his head. The scratching may result from a physical irritation that seeks relief. Or it may result from a mental state, such as embarrassment or indecision, when an automatic gesture helps to fill the awkward wait for the right thought or action.

The scratching, in either case, is apt to be unconscious. So may the whistling and singing be. But oftener both, the bath-room singer and the streetcar whistler, indulge in their melodious exercises without curtailment of their consciousness; they merely show a happy unconcern in the rest of the world, and follow an intuitive need of some sort of musical expression. They give free vent to their feelings, they obey an impulse. And the unconcern with which they do it is characteristic of the causes that make folks sing and make folk-songs.

Silence is a morbid condition, or a refinement. Man is by nature noisy. In that respect, too, he is superior to the loudest animal. And this superiority becomes with every day more patent.

The normal human being knows few stronger and more primitive desires than that of making a sound. It springs from the need of expressing some emotion or thought, and from the urge to communicate it to other beings. This urge is responsible not only for the achievement of articulate speech, but for the language of "music's golden tongue."

Several theories have been advanced in an attempt to explain how song or music came into existence. Darwin saw a link between song and sex. He heard in the bird-call a love-note. He argued that the warmth and tenderness of a voice will melt the coldest heart. But birds sing outside their mating season, and there are conquering lovers whose irresistible attraction does not necessarily reside in their vocal cords.

Darwin's theory has been abandoned. Likewise has that of Herbert Spencer, who believed song to have been an outgrowth of speech. Professor Carl Stumpf, in a plausible hypothesis, has traced the development of song and musical sense from the earliest human efforts to raise the voice for purposes of signalling and calling—signalling to other men and calling upon the mysterious powers of unseen divinities. Perhaps there is a grain of truth in each one of these three theories.

It is more than likely that the cry preceded the word. The inarticulate came before the articulate. The emotional stress of the voice, expressive of all the passions, came before the invention of a vocabulary, however crude. The newly born cries when hungry or in pain, and coos contentedly when the hunger is stilled or the pain has passed. The voice is expressive, sound is suggestive; they acquire and can convey a meaning. Sound can be compelling. Horn and bell are early symbols of its force. But sound can also be softly persuasive.

By the time the first mother whose arms were stiff from rocking her baby had constructed a cradle and slung it from the branch of a tree, she probably had a fairly large repertory of croons. She found them efficacious. Again for the sake of the effect, the caveman yelled with all the strength of his lungs at the mastodon, to scare the beast from its lair and chase it into the trap he had cunningly dug. The cavewoman lulled her youngest to sleep before preparing the mastodon steak for supper. Fortissimo and pianissimo, the shout and the hum, attended the birth of song.



Next to hunger, we are told, the strongest instinct is sex. When the cave-baby was asleep and the stone dishes of the evening meal were washed, the caveman had a chance to tell his mate, in guttural glee, of the day's hunt and the dangers he had run. His stammerings, no doubt, were answered by admiring grunts and amorous whinnies. The love-duet of grand opera was on the way.

Darwin's theory, then, is not without merit, although it is not comprehensive enough. For it takes into consideration only the domestic circle. As for Spencer's, there is no doubt that, once speech had been evolved by a slow and patient process from the emotional inflections of the voice and the rational workings of the brain, those inflections were heightened until speech became chant.

From the domestic circle speech passed to the public forum and the assembly of worshipers. There it was addressed, not to one individual, but to a crowd. To make himself understood, the speaker had to raise his voice. He had to "pitch" it higher. From the vague and confluent intonation of ordinary speech emerged distinct and wider intervals. The rise and fall of the voice was punctuated by cadences. Out of them peered rhythm and melody. Lastly, when the crowd became vocal in responding to the ritual incantations of the leader, it discovered that to pick up the leader's "pitch" for the response produced a uniformity and volume of sound unequalled by the loudest confusion of voices. Pitch, the unanimous agreement (in unison or octave) on a definite tone, was established. The ear began to observe and measure intervals. It discovered a scale. The aural sense, within that scale, set up a difference between agreeable and disagreeable scale degrees, between consonance and dissonance. Trouble had started.

When we go to the opera or to a song recital, we little think of the many years it has taken until such and such an aria or "lied" became possible. The primitive love song and slumber song reach back into a past too distant and shadowy to yield up its secrets. Yet they already constituted a tremendous feat. When the family expanded into the community, the uses of song multiplied until it accompanied every civic event of importance. And when the community became musically creative, it created folk-songs, songs that may have owed their original inception to an individual, but that were fashioned into their definitive shape by oral tradition, by a communal evolution to which not the individual but the mass-consciousness and mass-predilection gave form.

Religious ceremony, dance, war, were so many pretexts for singing. But above all, manual labor, especially work done concertedly by groups of people, actually depended on the regulating rhythm of song, or the impelling beats of a drum, or the monotonous strokes of a clapper. Thus only could all hands be united, all muscles be strained in coördinated and simultaneous movement, so as not to waste a particle of the combined exertion.

Rhythm and song were not only a labor-saving but a labor-producing device. The sweat of the human brow flowed more freely before machines were invented. Also song poured more freely from human lips before the age of machines, and before machine-made music flooded the land.

The pyramids of Egypt are the petrified songs of the Jews who toiled to build them. The Great Wall of China represents a gigantic symphony of drum beats and horn signals that drove millions of weary slaves to lay stone upon stone, mile after mile.

The ancient Greeks rowed to the sound of a flute, and there is evidence that in the same manner the Greek women kneaded bread. The Greeks had songs for the reaping and threshing of corn, for the turning of the hand-mill, for the pressing of grapes, and many other domestic tasks.

Among primitive races these customs still prevail. Work and song to them are synonymous. In West Africa the natives have a saying that "The woman who does not sing much does not work much." The Negro has a rich stock of work songs. The sailor-chanty had its resounding day on all the seven seas before the busy drone of the motor supplanted it. The songs of the road are silenced. When soldiers strike up a marching song they revert to a practice as old as the pursuits of war. The song of the Volga boatmen is the anthem of "a strong pull and a long pull and a pull all together."

A great deal of our life we live by substitution, that is, we let the other fellow "do it" for us. That applies especially to music. Music is a universal need. But not all of us are musical, not even as musical as the bath-room singer and the streetcar whistler. We have other people sing and whistle for us. Yet, nothing can take the place of that direct vocal expression which is our own utterance, the song of our people, the voice of ourselves.



Wet clay turned into stone, ages ago, has preserved for us the outlines of prehistoric shells and ferns and bones. The soft, pliable material of song, hardened in the continued use of generations, has caught within the sharp contours of melody, within the communicative lilt of rhythm, the racial and national characteristics of all the different people of this earth. To know the folk-songs of the world is to know something of the history, something of the temper of mankind. Folk-song is the limpid source of all music, mirrored in which we see the whole range of human emotions. And because of the very fact that all fundamental emotions are common to all human beings, we can understand the meaning of a folk-melody even though the original words that are sung to it should be incomprehensible to us and must be translated for us. The mind may speak many languages, and thought may be wrapped or hidden within a babel of tongues. To the soul is given knowledge of all of them, when their accents are paired with music; especially when the music comes to us in the strong, pure strains of folk-song.

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## THE UNCONSTANT LOVYER

*Andante*

O — come, all my young lov - yers, Whom - so -

ev - er wants to gao, — An' we'll all set - tle

*accel.*

daown On the O - hi - o.

## The Unconstant Lover

O come, all my young lovyers,  
Whomsoever wants to gac,  
An' we'll all settle daown  
On the Ohio.

An' we'll chaw aour terbacker  
An' smooke aour pipes  
An' eat aour pertaties  
Whensoever they gits ripe.

Naow a meetin' are a pleasure  
An' a partin' are a grief;  
But an unconstant lovyer  
Is wusser nor a thief.

Cos a thief he will rob ye  
Of all thet ye have;  
But an unconstant lovyer  
Will tote ye to yer grave!



## CAPE COD CHANTEY

U. S. A.

Recorded by  
Ruth Kimball Gardiner*Allegro moderato*

Cape Cod girls they have no combs, Heave a -

way, heave a - way! They comb their hair with

cod - fish bones, We are bound for Aus - tra - lia!

Heave a - way my bul - ly, bul - ly boys, Heave a -

way, heave a - way! Heave a - way, and

don't you make a noise, We are bound for Aus - tra - lia!

### Cape Cod Chantey

Cape Cod girls they have no combs,  
 Heave away, heave away!  
 They comb their hair with codfish bones,  
 We are bound for Australia!  
*Heave away, my bully, bully boys,  
 Heave away, heave away!  
 Heave away, and don't you make a noise,  
 We are bound for Australia!*

Cape Cod boys they have no sleds,  
 Heave away, heave away!  
 They slide down hill on codfish heads,  
 We are bound for Australia!

### OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Words by  
 Stephen C. Foster

Music by  
 Stephen C. Foster

Moderato

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U. S. A.  
*Fine.*

The piano introduction for the first system consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in D major, starting with a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, and C5. The left hand plays a bass line with half notes D2, G2, and F#2, followed by quarter notes E2, D2, C2, and B1.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in D major and includes the lyrics: "Way down up-on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-way, All up and down de whole cre-a-tion Sad-ly I roam,". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody with eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand plays a bass line with half notes and quarter notes.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay. Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion And for de old folks at". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody with eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand plays a bass line with half notes and quarter notes. A first ending bracket is placed over the final measure of the vocal line.

The third system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "home. All de world am sad and drear-y". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody with eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand plays a bass line with half notes and quarter notes. A second ending bracket is placed over the final measure of the vocal line.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the melody. The score consists of two systems of music. The first system has three measures, and the second system has three measures. The lyrics are: "Eb - ry - where I roam. O dark-eyes, how my heart grows wear-y Far from de old folks at home." The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The initials "D. C." are written at the bottom right of the second system.

Eb - ry - where I roam. O dark-eyes, how my  
 heart grows wear-y Far from de old folks at home.

D. C.

### Old Folks at Home

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,  
 Far, far away,  
 Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,  
 Dere's wha de old folks stay.  
 All up and down de whole creation  
 Sadly I roam,  
 Still longing for de old plantation  
 And for de old folks at home  
*All de world am sad and dreary  
 Ebrywhere I roam.  
 O darkeys, how my heart grows weary  
 Far from de old folks at home.*

All 'round de little farm I wandered  
 When I was young;  
 Den many happy days I squandered,  
 Many de songs I sung.  
 When I was playing wid my brudder  
 Happy was I;  
 O take me to my kind old mudder,  
 Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,  
 One dat I love,  
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,  
 No matter where I rove.  
 When will I see de bees a-humming  
 All 'round de comb?  
 When will I hear de banjo tumming  
 Down in my good old home?

STEPHEN C. FOSTER



## DE BALLET OF DE BOLL WEEVIL

U.S.A.  
(Texas)Melody and text  
collected by  
John A. LomaxArranged by  
Coralie Gregory

To be sung in the negro style, with marked rhythm

O hab—— you heard de lat - es', De——

lat-es' of de songs? It's a - bout dem lit-tle boll wee-vils; Dey's picked

up bofe feet an' gone A - look - in' for a

much slower

home,—— Jes'a look-in' for a home. De—— home.

verses 1 to 5

last ending

## De Ballet of De Boll Weevil

O hab you heard de lates',  
De lates' of de songs?  
It's about dem little boll weevils;  
Dey's picked up bofe feet an' gone  
    A-lookin' for a home,  
    Jes a-lookin' for a home.

De boll weevil is a little bug,  
F'om Mexico, dey say,  
Come to try dis Texas soil  
An' thought he better stay  
    A-lookin' for a home,  
    Jes a-lookin' for a home.

De fus' time I saw de boll weevil  
He was settin' on de square\*;  
De nex' time I saw de boll weevil  
He had all his family there  
    A-lookin' for a home,  
    Jes a-lookin' for a home.

De farmer took de boll weevil  
An' buried him in hot san';  
De boll weevil says to de farmer,  
"I'll stan' it like a man;  
    It is my home,  
    It is my home."

De farmer took de boll weevil  
An' put him on de ice;  
De boll weevil says to de farmer,  
"It's mighty cool an' nice,  
    It is my home,  
    It is my home."

Den de boll weevil says to de farmer,  
"Jes p'ison me ef you dare,  
An' when you get your cotton up  
I'll punch every square.\*  
    I'll have a home,  
    I'll have a home."

---

\*"Square" refers to the cotton square on the plant.



## SIFT ALONG, BOYS

U. S. A. (Cowboy)

*Con moto*

Sift a - long, boys, an' don't ride slow;

Hain't got time, but a long ways to go.

Quirt 'em on the shoul - ders an' rake 'em on the hip;

I've cut out the T B X; now scatter out, — zip!

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The vocal line is in a single register. The tempo is marked 'Con moto'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

## Sift Along, Boys

Sift along, boys, an' don't ride slow;  
 Hain't got time, but a long ways to go.  
 Quirt 'em on the shoulders an' rake 'em on the hip;  
 I've cut out the T B X; now scatter out—zip!

Bunch the herd, boys, all in the rail;  
 Hog-tie an' brand 'em, then beat 'em on the tail;  
 Quirt 'em on the shoulders an' rake 'em on the hip;  
 Whip 'em up an' down the sides; now scatter out—zip!

Bunch the herd, boys, an' don't ride slow;  
 Hog-tie an' brand 'em an' don't let any go;  
 Then hit the trail for grub an' watch the pancakes flip;  
 Lay aside your chaps an' quirt; now scatter out—zip!

## THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

Andante

As I ——— walked out in the streets of La - redo, As

I ——— walked out in La - re - do one day, I



spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen, Wrapped  
up in white linen and cold as the clay.

### The Cowboy's Lament

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,  
As I walked out in Laredo one day,  
I spied a poor cowboy, wrapped up in white linen,  
Wrapped up in white linen and cold as the clay.

O beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly!  
O play the Dead March as you carry me 'long!  
Take me to the valley; there turn the sod o'er me;  
For I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"  
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by.  
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;  
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die.

"My friends and relations, they live in the Nation;  
They know not where their boy has gone.  
I first came to Texas and hired to a ranchman,  
O I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"O there is another more dear than a sister;  
She'll bitterly weep when she hears I am gone.  
And there is another who'll win her affections,  
For I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys,  
And tell them the story of this my sad fate;  
Tell one and the other before they go further  
To stop their wild roving before 'tis too late."

*From Cowboy Songs, by JOHN A. LOMAN. Copyright, 1920, The Macmillan Company. Published by permission.*

Lento

“O — bu - ry me not on the lone prai - riel” These

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'Lento'. The lyrics are: “O — bu - ry me not on the lone prai - riel” These.

words came low and mourn - ful - ly From the

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: words came low and mourn - ful - ly From the.

pallid — lips of a youth who lay On his

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: pallid — lips of a youth who lay On his.

dy - ing bed at the close of day.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: dy - ing bed at the close of day.



## The Dying Cowboy

U. S. A. (Cowboy)

"O bury me not on the lone prairie!"  
 These words came low and mournfully  
 From the pallid lips of a youth who lay  
 On his dying bed at the close of day.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie  
 Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,  
 In a narrow grave just six by three;  
 O bury me not on the lone prairie!"

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,  
 Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,  
 Where the buzzard beats and the wind goes free;  
 O bury me not on the lone prairie!"

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,  
 In a narrow grave six foot by three,  
 Where the buffalo paws o'er a prairie sea;  
 O bury me not on the lone prairie!"

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,  
 Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,  
 Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the crow flies free;  
 O bury me not on the lone prairie!"

"O bury me not," and his voice failed there,  
 But we took no heed of his dying prayer;  
 In a narrow grave just six by three  
 We buried him there on the lone prairie.

*From Cowboy Songs, by JOHN A. LOMAX. Copyright by The Macmillan Company, 1920. Published by permission.*

## GAME SONG

U. S. A. (Indian)

(The Plains Tribes)

As sung by  
 Vine Victor Deloria

Allegro

★) Ha hay hi! Ha hay hi! Hay hay hi,

ha hay hi! ha hay hi ee, i - hi!

★) The words are meaningless exclamations.

## MY BARK CANOE

(Ojibway tribe)

Interpretation by  
Frederick R. BurtonArranged by  
Frederick R. Burton  
(Original Key A $\flat$ )

Adagio

In the still — night, the

long hours through, I — guide — my bark ca - noe, My

bark ca - noe, — my love, to you. While the love, to you.

verses 1 & 2      verse 3

From "American Primitive Music."

Copyright, 1909, by Frederick R. Burton. Used by permission.

## Chekahbay Tebik Ondandayan

Chekahbay tebik ondandayan

Chekahbay tebik ondandayan

Ahghamah-sibi ondandayan

## My Bark Canoe

In the still night, the long hours through,  
I guide my bark canoe,

My bark canoe, my love, to you.

While the stars shine and falls the dew,

I seek my love in bark canoe;

In bark canoe I seek for you.

It is I, love, your lover true,

Who glides the stream in bark canoe;

It glides to you, my love, to you.

Interpretation by  
FREDERICK R. BURTON



## HER SHADOW

U. S. A. (Indian)

Interpretation by  
Frederick R. Burton

(Ojibway Tribe)

Arranged by  
Frederick R. Burton  
(Original Key E $\flat$ )

*Allegro*

Out on the lake my ca - noe is glid - ing, Pad - dle dip - ping  
long shore she is hid - ing, She is shy to

soft lest she should take a - larm. Ah, hey - ah hey - ah  
yield to love's al - lur - ing charm. Ah, hey - ah hey - ah

1.  
ho, Hey - ah hey - ah ho, — thus I go! Some - where a -  
ho, Hey - ah hey - ah, love will

2.  
win, I know.

There is a shad - ow swift - ly steal - ing! Should it be her  
turn, her - self re - veal - ing, I will shout a

own, soon I will end the race. Ah, hey - ah hey - ah  
loud when e'er I see her face, Ah, hey - ah hey - ah

1. 2. *falsetto*  
ho, Hey-ah hey-ah ho, I think it is! Will she but  
ho, Hey-ah hey-ah ho, — there she is! Hal-loo!



### Ayquanahquog Peah Bedahgo Jing

Ayquanahquog peah bedahgo jing  
Keegah wahbahmah non kee mah shay mi nay  
Ay heyah heyah ho  
Heyah heyah ho heyah ho.

### Her Shadow

Out on the lake my canoe is gliding,  
Paddle dipping soft lest she should take alarm.  
Ah, heyah heyah ho,  
Heyah heyah ho, thus I go!  
Somewhere along shore she is hiding;  
She is shy to yield to love's alluring charm.  
Ah, heyah heyah ho,  
Heyah heyah, love will win, I know.  
There is a shadow swiftly stealing!  
Should it be her own, soon I will end the race.  
Ah, heyah heyah ho,  
Heyah heyah ho, I think it is!  
Will she but turn, herself revealing,  
I will shout aloud when e'er I see her face.  
Ah, heyah heyah ho,  
Heyah heyah ho, there she is!  
Halloo!

*Interpretation by*  
FREDERICK R. BURTON

### THE LOVE SIGNAL

*Interpretation by*  
Marguerite Wilkinson

(Dakota Tribe)

*Allegro*

On the hill I am stand-ing, wav-ing to you, dear;

Won't you, won't you— come and meet me here?

### Pahata Nawajin

Pahata nawajin na šina cicoze  
Mayan, mayan leciš kuwa na.

### The Love Signal

On the hill I am standing, waving to you, dear;  
Won't you, won't you come and meet me here?  
Waving my blanket to you, far and far away;  
Won't you, won't you come to me and stay?

*Interpretation by*  
MARGUERITE WILKINSON

## MARRIAGE SONG

English version by  
Alice Corbin

(Dakota Tribe)

As sung by  
Vine Victor Deloria

Andante

Let us go to - geth - er now to our

home, Let us go to - geth - er now to our

home. Why de - lay our com - ing home, com - ing home?

Tiyata Uṅni Kte

Iyayana tiyata uṅni kte,  
 Iyayana tiyata uṅni kte,  
 Tuwa lehaṅś tiyata gle śni ka

Marriage Song

Let us go together now to our home,  
 Let us go together now to our home.  
 Why delay our coming home, coming home?

English version by  
 ALICE CORBIN



# AYA PO<sup>★</sup>

(Dakota Tribe)

U. S. A. (Indian)

English version by  
Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

Air by  
George Dowanna

Andante

Great hap - pi - ness, gifts of glad - ness

Are to us giv - en. Beth - le - hem sends

forth word Christ is come from heav'n.

A - ya po, a - ya po, a - ya po!

★) Aya po - - Carry it on

## Aya Po

Wowiyuśkin tanka hca wan  
Christ yutañin ce;  
Bethlehem etañhan  
Wotañin wašte,

*Aya po, aya po, aya po.*

Han, wicahpi wan wiyakpa,  
Jesus He etañ,  
Qa iyoyanpa ska  
Hed otañin ce.

Jesus Christ Wanikiya kin  
Wowitañ wašte  
On ikdutañin qa  
Woniya uśi

GEORGE DOWANNA

## Aya Po

Great happiness, gifts of gladness  
Are to us given.  
Bethlehem sends forth word  
Christ is come from heaven.

*Aya po, aya po, aya po.*

Bright shines a star with white radiance,  
Joy to men bringing;  
Peace on earth and good will,  
Angel hosts singing.

Jesus, the Lord, sends the Spirit,  
His great love revealing,  
The good news has reached us  
For our sins' healing.

English version by  
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

## AT PARTING

(Dakota Tribe)

Interpretation by  
Mary AustinAs sung by  
Ella Deloria

Lento

Breaks now, \_\_\_\_\_ breaks now my heart,

Think - ing \_\_\_\_\_ from thee I part!

Hear thou \_\_\_\_\_ what says my heart:

Keep me, keep me in thine al - way! \_\_\_\_\_

## Cañte Maśica

Cañte maśica ce,  
Cañte maśica ce,  
Cañte maśica ce,  
Ohiñni mi ksuya uñ na.

## At Parting

Breaks now, breaks now my heart,  
Thinking from thee I part!  
Hear thou what says my heart:  
Keep me, keep me in thine alway!  
Dreams now, dreams now my heart,  
Weeping, awake I start,  
Thinking again we part.  
Dream thou, perchance thy dream will stay!

*Interpretation by*  
MARY AUSTIN

## FAREWELL TO THE WARRIORS

(Chippewa Tribe)

English version by  
Frances Densmore

Recorded by  
Frances Densmore

Moderato

Come, O come, you must de - part On a

long, long jour - ney. Ya wi a, ya

wi a, Ya ya wi a, Ya wi a, a!

## Umbe Animadjag

Umbe animadjag wasûgidijamîn.

Ya wi a, ya wi a, ya ya wi a,  
Ya wi a, a.

## Farewell to the Warriors

Come, O come, you must depart  
On a long, long journey.

Ya wi a, ya wi a, ya ya wi a,  
Ya wi a, a.

*English version by*  
FRANCES DENSMORE



## HER BLANKET

(Navajo Tribe)

Thurlow Lieurance

Lento

Flute-call, by "Deer of the Yellow Willow"

*ff*

Tears for my

*f* *slowly*

heart? Prayers for my soul? My tears are

*p*

old, My prayers for naught. My fate I

*f*

weave with shut-tle old; Here to re -

main, For e'er and e'er.

*rall.* *pp* *a tempo*

*f* *rall.* *p* *ppp*

### Her Blanket

Tears for my heart? Prayers for my soul?  
 My tears are old,  
 My prayers for naught.  
 My fate I weave with shuttle old;  
 Here to remain  
 For e'er and e'er.

My life is written, scarlet and black,  
 Here to remain  
 For e'er and e'er.

My love has flown; my tears are old;  
 The land of ghosts  
 Calls for my soul.

The text is translated from the Indians' expressions.  
 The Indian woman weaves the events of her life in  
 figures. Her sorrow and her hopes are pictured in the  
 blanket. It is the only history and the only manner  
 in which the Navajo can write his or her life's history.

*Allegretto*

When I was a lit - tle boy I lived by my - self, — And  
all the bread and cheese I got I kept up - on a shelf. —

Wing wong wad - dle, To my jack - straw strad - dle, To my

John fair fad - dle, To my long ways home.

### The Swapping Song

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,  
And all the bread and cheese I got I kept upon a shelf.

*Wing wong waddle,  
To my jack-straw straddle,  
To my John fair faddle,  
To my long ways home.*

The rats and the mice, they led me such a life,  
I had to go to London to buy me a wife.



The lanes were so long and the streets were so narrow  
I had to bring her home in an old wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke and my wife got a fall,  
Down came wheelbarrow, little wife and all.

Swapped my wheelbarrow and got me a horse,  
Then I rode from cross to cross.

Swapped my horse and got me a mare,  
Then I rode from fare to fare.

Swapped my mare and got me a mule,  
Then I rode like a dag-gone fool.

Swapped my mule and got me a cow,  
In that trade I just learned how.

Swapped my cow and got me a calf,  
In that trade I just lost half.

Swapped my calf and got me a sheep,  
Then I rode myself to sleep.

Swapped my sheep and got me a hen,  
Oh, what a pretty thing I had then!

Swapped my hen and got me a rat,  
Put it on the haystack away from the cat.

Swapped my rat and got me a mole,  
Dag-gone thing ran straight to its hole!

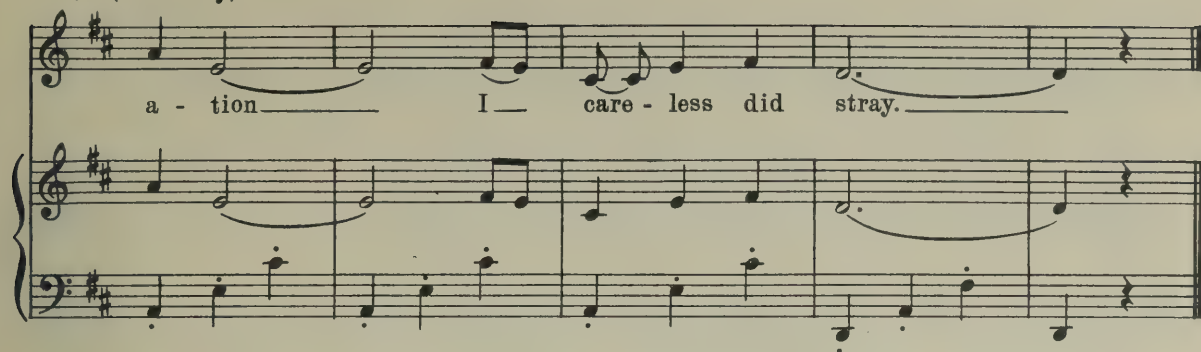
## THE LITTLE MOHEE

*Allegro moderato*

As — I was a - walk - ing — for —

pleas - ure one day, — In — sweet re - cre -

## U. S. A. (Kentucky)



## The Little Mohee

As I was a-walking for pleasure one day,  
In sweet recreation I careless did stray.

As I sat a-musing, myself on the grass,  
O who did I spy but a young Indian lass.

She came, sat down by me, took hold of my hand  
And said, "You re a stranger and in a strange land.

My father's a chieftain, a chieftain is he;  
I'm his only daughter; my name is Mohee;

And if you will follow you're welcome to come  
And dwell in the cottage which I call it my home."

"O no, my dear maiden, that never can be,  
I have a dear sweetheart and I know that she loves me.

I will not forsake her; I know she loves me;  
Her heart is as true as any Mohee."

It was early one morning, one morning in May;  
I broke her fond heart by the words that I did say:

"I'm going to leave you, so fare you well, my dear,  
My ship's sails are spreading and home I must steer."

The last time I saw her she stood on the strand,  
And as my ship passed by her waved me her hand,

Saying, "When you get over to the girl that you love  
Remember little Mohee in the cocoanut grove."

My friends and companions around me I see;  
But none can compare with the little Mohee.

The girl I had trusted had proved untrue to me;  
I turned my course backward far over the sea.

I turned my course backward, and backward did flee  
To spend my last days with the little Mohee.

## BARBARA ALLEN

U.S.A. (Kentucky)

Arranged by  
Arthur Foote

Moderato

All in the mer - ry

month of May When green buds were a -

swel - ling, Wil - liam Green on his

death - bed lay For love of Barb - 'ra Al - len.



## Barbara Allen

All in the merry month of May  
When green buds were a-swelling,  
William Green on his death-bed lay  
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town  
To the place where she was dwelling,  
Saying, "Love, there is a call for you  
If your name is Barbara Allen."

She was very slowly getting up  
And very slowly going;  
The only words she said to him  
Were, "Young man, I think you're dying."

"Don't you remember the other day  
When you were in town a-drinking,  
You drank a health to the ladies all around  
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

"O yes, I remember the other day  
When I was in town a-drinking,  
I drank a health to the ladies all around,  
But my love to Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall,  
And death was in him dwelling;  
"Adieu, adieu to my friends all;  
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

When she got in two miles of town  
She heard the death bells ringing.  
They rang so clear, as if to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

So she looked east and she looked west  
And saw the cold corpse coming.  
She says, "Come round, you nice young man,  
And let me look upon you."

The more she looked, the more she grieved  
Until she burst out crying,  
"Perhaps I could have saved that young man's life  
Who now is here a-lying."

"O mother, O mother, come make my bed;  
O make it both soft and narrow;  
For sweet William died today,  
And I will die tomorrow."

"O father, O father, come dig my grave;  
O dig it deep and narrow;  
For sweet William died in love,  
And I will die in sorrow."

Sweet William was buried in the old church tomb,  
Barbara Allen was buried in the yard;  
Out of William's heart grew a red rose;  
Out of Barbara Allen's grew a brier.

They grew and grew to the old church tower,  
And they could not grow any higher;  
And at the end tied a true lover's knot,  
And the rose wrapped around the brier.

## CHRIST WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM

U.S.A.(Kentucky)<sup>1</sup>Recorded by  
Evelyn K. Wells

Lento

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Lento'. The lyrics are: 'Christ was born in Beth-le - hem, Christ was born in Beth le hem, Christ was born in Beth - le - hem And Ma - ry was his niece, And Ma - ry was his niece. Christ was born in Beth - le - hem And Ma - ry was his niece.' The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like '(p)' for piano.

Christ was born in Beth-le - hem, Christ was born in

Beth le hem, Christ was born in Beth - le - hem And

Ma - ry was his niece, And Ma - ry was his niece.

Christ was born in Beth - le - hem And Ma - ry was his niece.

## Christ Was Born in Bethlehem

Christ was born in Bethlehem  
And Mary was his niece.

Judas he betrayed him,  
And sold him to the Jews.

Joseph begged his body  
And laid it in the tomb.

The tomb it would not hold him;  
It burst the bans of death.

So earl-i in the morning,  
Mary came weeping.

For angels took a-hold of the corner  
And rolled the stone away.

"On, what's the matter, Mary?"  
"They stole my Lord away!"

"Oh, go and tell my brethering  
That Jesus has arose."

So Jesus he arose,  
And arose from the dead.

## THE LITTLE FAMILY.

Lento

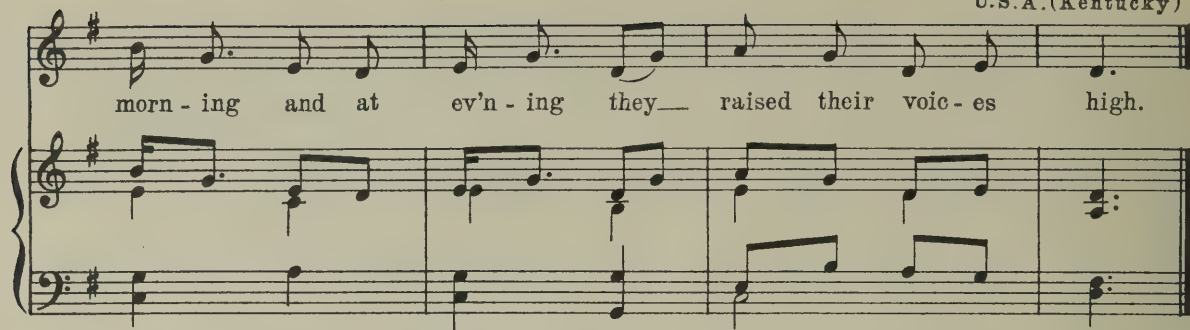
There was a lit-tle fam'-ly lived up in Beth-a - ny; Two—

sis - ters and one broth - er com - posed this fam - i - ly. With

prayer and with sing - ing, like an - gels in the sky, At—



U.S.A. (Kentucky)



### The Little Family

There was a little family lived up in Bethany;  
 Two sisters and one brother composed this family.  
 With prayer and with singing, like angels in the sky,  
 At morning and at evening they raised their voices high.

They lived in peace and pleasure for many a lonely year,  
 And laid away their treasure beyond this vale of tears.  
 Though poor and without money, their kindness made amends,  
 Their house was ever open to Jesus and his friends.

Although they lived so happy, so kind, so pure and good,  
 Their brother was afflicted and by it thrown in bed.  
 Poor Martha and her sister, they wept aloud and cried;  
 But still he grew no better; he lingered on and died.

The Jews came to the sisters, laid Lazarus in the tomb,  
 And tried for to comfort and drive away their gloom.  
 When Jesus heard the tidings, far in a distant land,  
 So swiftly did he travel to see that lonely band.

And while he was a-coming Martha met him on the way,  
 And told him that her brother had died and passed away,  
 He blessed and he cheered her, and told her not to weep,  
 For in him was the power to raise him from his sleep.

Yet while he was a-coming Mary met him, lonely too;  
 Down at his feet a-weeping rehearsed the tale of woe.  
 When Jesus saw her weeping, he fell a-weeping too,  
 And wept until they showed him where Lazarus was entombed.

He rolled away the cover and looked upon the grave,  
 And prayed unto his Father his loving friend to save;  
 And Lazarus, in full power, came from the gloomy mound;  
 And in full life and vigor he walked upon the ground.

So all you who love Jesus and do his holy will,  
 Like Mary and like Martha, you'll always use him well.  
 He'll comfort and redeem you and take you to the skies,  
 And bid you live forever where pleasure never dies.

## AUNT LEAH'S SONG

Recorded by  
Evelyn K. Wells

Animato

A gen-tle-man came to our— house, He would not tell his

name; I — knew — he came a - court - ing Al -

though he were a - shamed, Oh, Al - though he were a - shamed.

## Aunt Leah's Song

A gentleman came to our house,  
 He would not tell his name;  
 I knew he came a-courting  
 Although he were ashamed.

He moved his chair up by my side;  
 His fancy pleased me well;  
 I thought the spirit moved him  
 Some handsome tale to tell.

Oh, there he sat the livelong night,  
 And not a word did say;  
 And many a sigh and bitter groan,  
 He oft-times wished for day.

The chickens they began to crow  
 And daylight did appear.  
 "How-dye-do, good morning, sir,  
 I'm glad to see you here!"

"It's weary of the livelong night,  
 It's weary of my life;  
 If this is what you call courting, boys,  
 I'll never take a wife!"

And when he goes in company  
 The girls all laugh for sport,  
 Saying, "Yonder comes that same dang fool  
 Who don't know how to court!"

# AIN'T GOIN' STUDY WAR NO MORE

U.S.A. (Negro)

As sung at  
Fisk University*Allegro moderato*

I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield,

Down by the riv - er - side, Down by the riv - er - side,

Down by the riv - er - side, I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield,

Down by the riv - er - side, Aint' goin' study — war no

more. Aint' goin' stud - y war no more, Aint' goin'



study war no more, Ain't goin' study war no

more. Ain't goin' study war no more, Ain't goin'  
stud-y war no more,

study war no more, Ain't goin' study war no more.

### Ain't Goin' Study War No More

I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield,  
*Down by the riverside,* ]3  
 I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield,  
*Down by the riverside,*  
 Ain't goin' study war no more.

I'm goin' put on my long white robe.  
 I'm goin' put on my starry crown.  
 I'm goin' put on my golden shoes.  
 I'm goin' talk with the Prince of Peace.

## ARGUING THE BARGAIN

Arranged by  
Sonoma Talley

Moderato

*I'se*  
 ar - guin' a bar - g'in, my hon - ey  
 love. *I'se* ar - guin' a bar - g'in, my  
 hon - ey love. Don't you  
*Last time only*  
*Fine*  
*Fine*  
 8

'mem - ber, a lid - dle while a - go, You

tol' me dat you love me? It mus' be so. I'se

*D. S. al Fine*

### Arguing the Bargain

*I'se arguin' a barg'in, my honey love,  
I'se arguin' a barg'in, my honey love.*

Don't you 'member, a liddle while ago,  
You tol' me dat you love me? It mus' be so.

Heart's all love, an' dat love it seem to grow.  
O you mus' love me, darlin'; it can be so.

If you don't love me I'll sorrow way below,  
I'll die an' go to Glory! It will be so.



## JAYBIRD

U. S. A. (Negro )

Arranged by  
Sonoma Talley

Allegretto

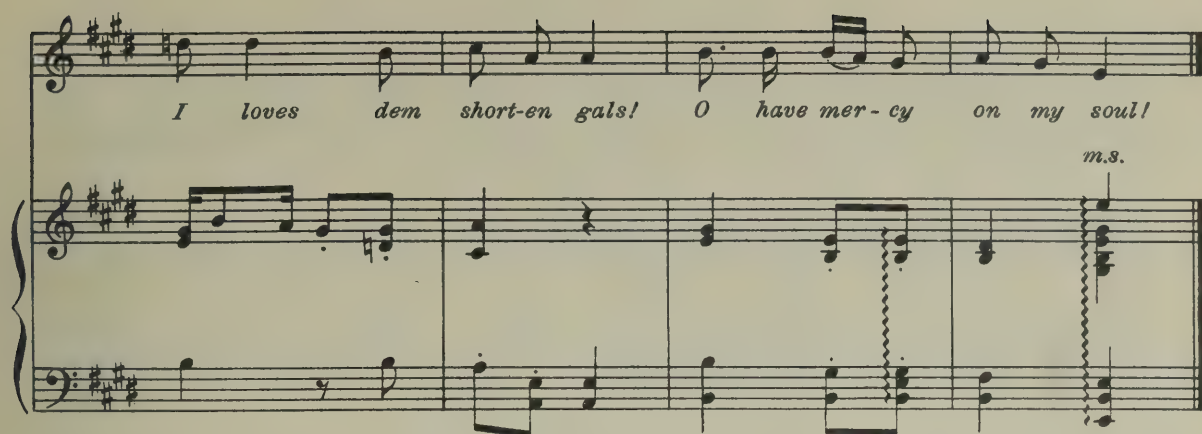
De Jay - bird jump from

lim' to lim', An' he tell Bre'r Rabbit to do lak him. Bre'r

Rabbit say to de cun-nin' elf: "You jes' want me to fall an'

kill my - self." I loves dem short-en gals!

*m.s.*



### Jaybird

De Jaybird jump from lim' to lim',  
 An' he tell Bre'r Rabbit to do lak him.  
 Bre'r Rabbit say to de cunnin' elf:  
 "You jes' want me to fall an' kill myself."

*I loves dem shorten gals!*  
*I loves dem shorten gals!*  
*O have mercy on my soul!*

Dat Jaybird a-settin' on a swingin' lim',  
 He wink at me an' I wink at him.  
 He laugh at me w'en my gun "crack";  
 It kick me down on de flat o' my back.

Nex' day de Jaybird dance dat lim',  
 I grabs my gun fer to shoot at him.  
 W'en I "crack" down, it split my chin.  
 \*"Ole Aggie Cunjer" fly lak sin.

Way down yon'er at de risin' sun,  
 Jaybird a'talkin' wid a forked tongue.  
 He's been down dar whar de bad mens dwell—  
 †"Ole Friday Devil," fare-you-well!

\*Witch woman.

†"The old Negro superstition of slavery days which declared that it was almost impossible to find jaybirds on Friday because they went to Hades to carry sand to the Devil.

Melody and text from "Negro Folk Rhymes," by THOMAS W. TALLEY.  
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## LINK O' DAY

Arranged by  
Sonoma Talley

*Largo*

Mas-sa's bin an' sol' yeh, O!

To go up in de ken - tree 'Fo' de

*Fine*

link o' day. Run yeh! Run yeh! 'Fo' de link o'

day! Run yeh! Run yeh! 'Fo' de link o' day!

*molto rit.*

*D.S. al Fine*

## Link o' Day\*

Massa's bin an' sol' yeh, O!  
 To go up in de kentree  
 'Fo' de link o' day.  
 Run yeh! Run yeh! 'Fo' de link o' day!  
 Run yeh! Run yeh! 'Fo' de link o' day!

\* Link o' day—dawn.



## NO HIDIN' PLACE

Recorded by  
Pauline Worth Hamlin

Moderato

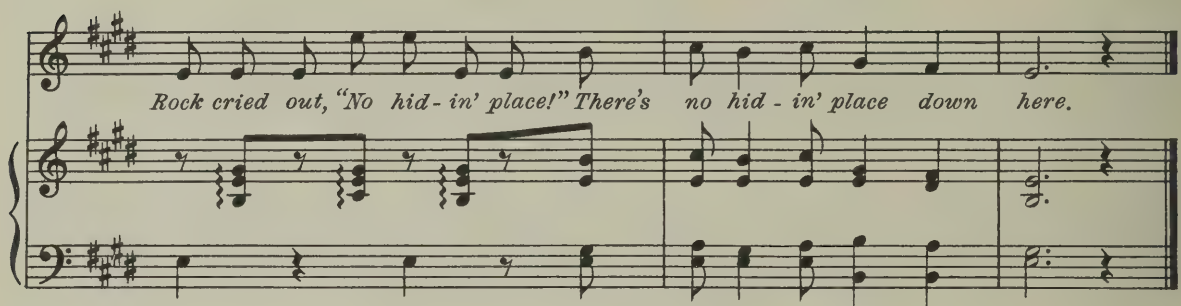
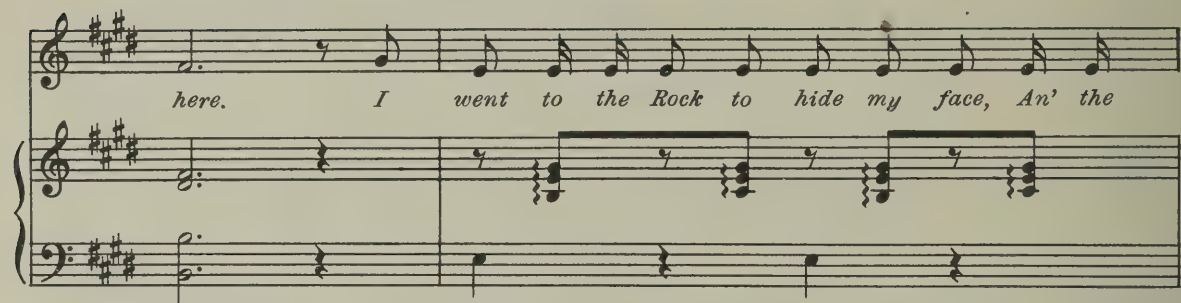
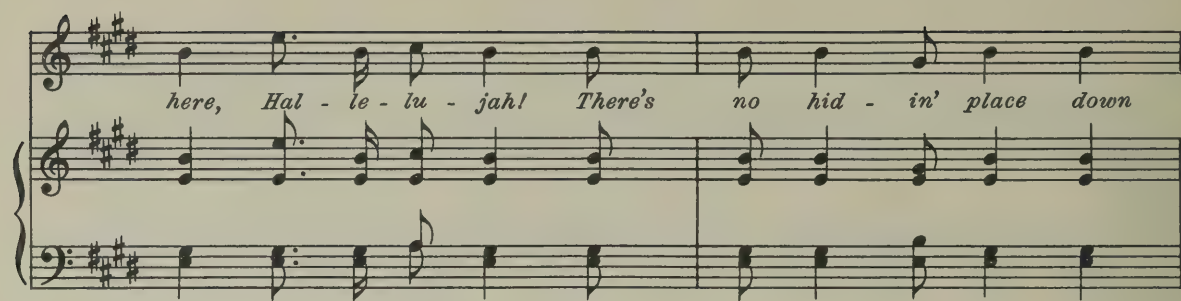
Of all the re-lig-ions I pro -

fess, Of all the re-lig-ions I pro - fess, Of

all the re-lig-ions I pro-fess, I much pre-fer the Meth-od - is'. There's

no hid - in' place down here! There's no hid - in' place down

*simile*



### No Hidin' Place

Of all the religions I profess, ]3  
I much prefer the Methodis'.

*There's no hidin' place down here!*  
*There's no hidin' place down here,*  
*Hallelujah!*  
*There's no hidin' place down here.*  
*I went to the Rock to hide my face*  
*An' the Rock cried out, "No hidin' place!"*  
*There's no hidin' place down here.*

O Mary had a golden chain, ]3  
An' every link was Jesus' name.

Now I believe without a doubt ]3  
That the Christian has a right to shout.

A sinner sat at the gates of hell, ]3  
An' the gates oped up an' in he fell.

## NOBODY KNOWS DE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN 3

Arranged by  
H. T. Burleigh

Religioso

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is marked 'Religioso'. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'No - bod - y knows de trou - ble I've seen,'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: 'No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,'. The third system repeats the first line of the melody and accompaniment with the lyrics: 'No - bod - y knows de trou - ble I've seen,'. The fourth system concludes the piece with the lyrics: 'Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Some - times I'm up, some -'. The word 'Fine' is written above the final measure of the melody. There are handwritten annotations: 'Intro' in the first system, 'F.' in the fourth system, and a checkmark in the fourth system.

No - bod - y knows de trou - ble I've seen,

No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,

No - bod - y knows de trou - ble I've seen,

Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Some - times I'm up, some -

*Fine*



times I'm down! O yes, Lord! Some -

times I'm al - most to de groun'; O yes, Lord!

*D.C.*

### Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen

*Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,  
 Nobody knows but Jesus,  
 Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,  
 Glory Hallelujah!*

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down!  
 O yes, Lord!  
 Sometimes I'm almost to de groun';  
 O yes, Lord!

What makes old Satan hate me so?  
 O yes, Lord!  
 Because he got me once, but he let me go.  
 O yes, Lord!

## HEAR THE LAMBS A-CRYING

As sung at  
Fisk University*Lento con molto sentimento*

You hear the lambs a - cry-ing? Hear the lambs a -

*Bass to be hummed**molto rit.*

cry - ing! Hear the lambs a - cry - ing! O Shep-herd,

*Fine*

feed my sheep! My Sa - vior spoke these words so sweet,

O Shep-herd, feed my sheep! Pe - ter, if you love me,

feed my sheep. O Shep-herd, feed my sheep! Lord, I love Thee,

Thou dost know,—— O Shep-herd, feed my sheep!

Give me grace to love Thee more. O Shep-herd, feed my sheep!

*D. C. al Fine*

### Hear the Lambs A-Crying!

*You hear the lambs a-crying?  
Hear the lambs a-crying!  
Hear the lambs a-crying!  
O Shepherd, feed my sheep!*

*My Savior spoke these words so sweet,  
O Shepherd, feed my sheep!  
Peter, if you love me, feed my sheep.  
O Shepherd, feed my sheep!  
Lord, I love Thee, Thou dost know,  
O Shepherd, feed my sheep!  
Give me grace to love Thee more.  
O Shepherd, feed my sheep.*

*When I groan upon the tree,  
When Thou seest, pity me;  
For I'm a pilgrim trav'ling home,  
The lonesome road my Savior trod.*



## RISE UP, SHEPHERD, AN' FOLLER

Arranged by  
Franklin Robinson

Moderato

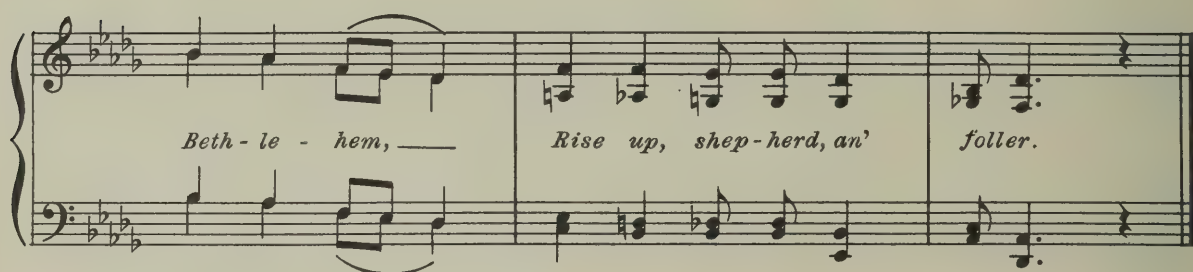
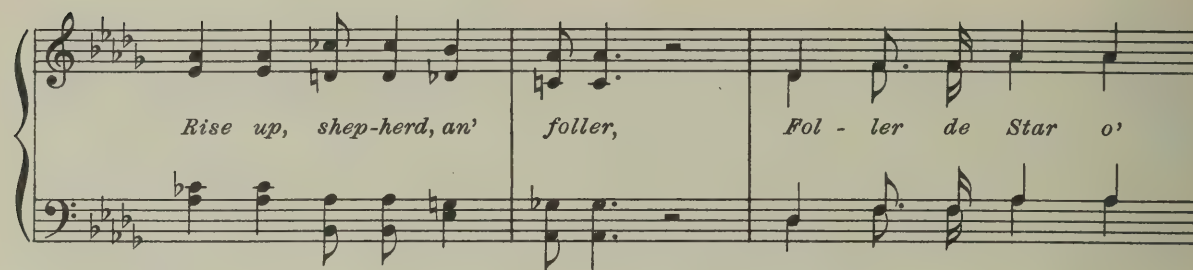
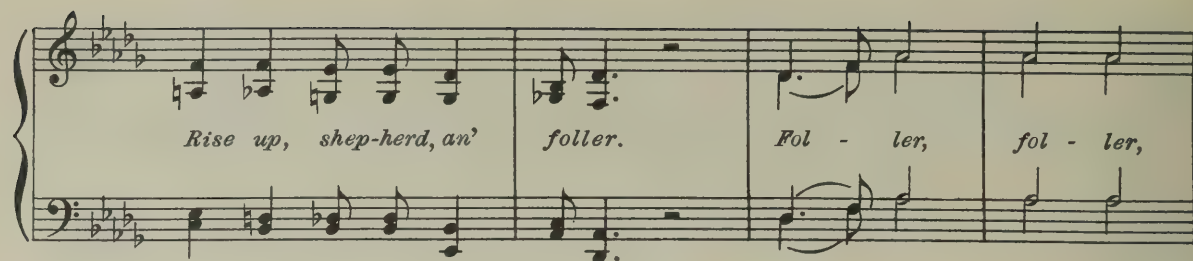
Dere's a Star in de Eas' on Christ-mas morn,

Rise up, shep-herd, an' foller; It 'll lead t' de place where de

Sa - vior's born, — Rise up, shep-herd, an' foller.

Leave yo' sheep an' leave yo' lambs, Rise up, shep-herd, an

foller; Leave yo' ewes an' leave yo' rams,



### Rise Up, Shepherd, An' Foller

Dere's a Star in de Eas' on Christmas morn,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller;  
 It'll lead t' de place where de Savior's born,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller.

*Leave yo' sheep an' leave yo' lambs,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller;  
 Leave yo' ewes an' leave yo' rams,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller.  
 Foller, foller,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller,  
 Foller de Star o' Bethlehem,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller.*

If yo' take good heed to de angel's words,  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller,  
 Yo'll forget yo' flocks, yo'll forget yo' herds;  
 Rise up, shepherd, an' foller.

Words by  
Thomas W. Talley

Melody by  
Thomas W. Talley

*Allegro*

Be - hold that star! Be - hold that star up yon - der!

Be - hold that star! It is the star of Beth - le - hem.

There was no room found in the inn, This is the star of Beth - le - hem, For

Him who was born free from sin, This is the star of Beth - le - hem.

*D. C. al Fine*

Published by permission

### Behold that Star!

*Behold that star!  
Behold that star up yonder!  
Behold that star!  
It is the star of Bethlehem.*

*There was no room found in the inn,  
This is the star of Bethlehem,  
For Him who was born free from sin.  
This is the star of Bethlehem.*

*The wise men came on from the East,  
To worship Him, the Prince of Peace.*

*A song broke forth upon the night,  
From angel hosts all robed in white.*

THOMAS W. TALLEY



## PO' LIL LOLO

U.S. A. (Creole)

English version by  
Margaret WiddemerRecorded by H. E. Krehbiel  
Arranged by H. T. Burleigh

*Andante cantabile*

Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die,

Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die; All she got is mis - er - y;

She all racked wid pain. Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die,

Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die; All she got is mis - er - y;

From Afro-American Folksongs by H. E. Krehbiel.

Copyright, 1914, by G. Schirmer (Inc.)

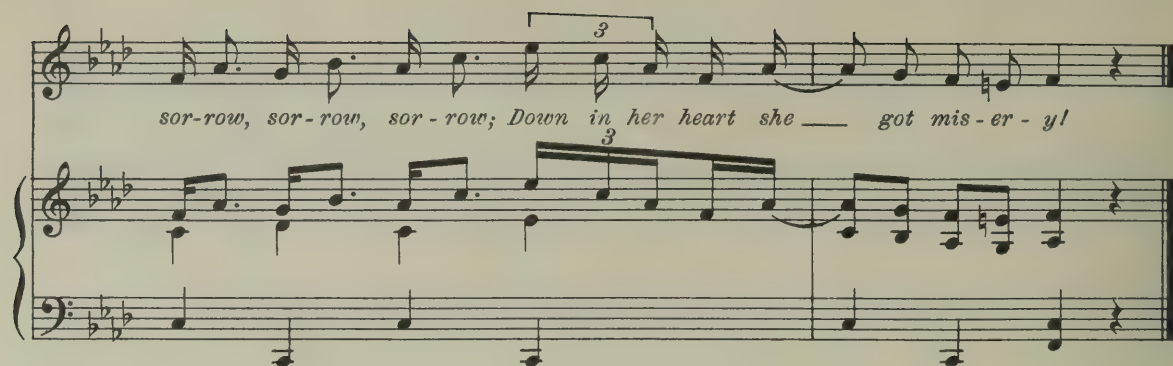
34839

She all racked wid pain. Ca - la - lou got 'broi-der'd skirt, Silk ban -

dan - a fo' her haid, Ca - la - lou got 'broi-der'd skirt, Silk ban -

dan - a fo' her haid. Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die;

Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die; All she got is mi-ser-y, She got a



## Pov' Piti Lolotte

Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,  
 Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,  
 Li gagnin bobo, bobo,  
 Li gagnin doulé.  
 Calalou poté madrasse,  
 Li poté jipon garni.

*Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,  
 Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,  
 Li gagnin bobo, bobo,  
 Li gagnin doulé, doulé, doulé.  
 Li gagnin doulé dans ker à li.*

Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,  
 Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,  
 Li gagnin bobo, bobo,  
 Li gagnin doulé.  
 D'amour quand poté la chaîne,  
 Adieu courri tout bonheur.

## Po' Lil Lolo

Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die,  
 Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die;  
 All she got is misery;  
 She all racked wid pain.  
 Calalou got 'broidered skirt,  
 Silk bandanna fo' her haid.

*Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die,  
 Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die;  
 All she got is misery;  
 She got a sorrow, sorrow, sorrow;  
 Down in her heart she got misery.*

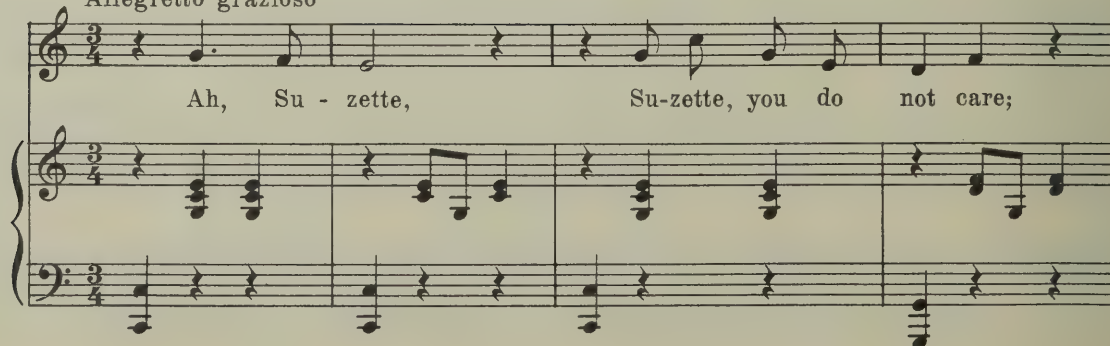
Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die,  
 Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die;  
 All she got is misery;  
 She all racked wid pain.  
 When you got love's chains on you  
 Happiness gwine run fum you.

*English version by  
 MARGARET WIDDEMER*

## SUZETTE

English version by  
 Marion MacArthur Laing

*Allegretto grazioso*





Ah, Su - zette, I can see You hear not my prayer.

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are 'Ah, Su - zette, I can see You hear not my prayer.' The piano part consists of chords and single notes in the bass line.

On the moun-tain high, my dear, I'll cut cane to buy, my dear,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'On the moun-tain high, my dear, I'll cut cane to buy, my dear,'. The musical notation follows the same pattern as the first system.

Gifts to bring to you; O my dear, I will make you care!

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are 'Gifts to bring to you; O my dear, I will make you care!'. The musical notation follows the same pattern as the previous systems.

## Suzette

Ah, Suzette,  
 Suzette, to vé pas, chère:  
 Ah, Suzette, chère amie,  
 To pas l'aimain moin.  
 M'allé haut montagne, z-amie,  
 M'allé coupé canne, z-amie,  
 M'allé fé l'argent, chère amie,  
 Pou poté donne toi.

## Suzette

Ah, Suzette,  
 Suzette, you do not care;  
 Ah, Suzette, I can see  
 You hear not my prayer.  
 On the mountain high, my dear,  
 I'll cut cane to buy, my dear,  
 Gifts to bring to you; O my dear,  
 I will make you care!

*English version by*  
 MARION MACARTHUR LAING

SONGS FROM HAWAII

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English version by  
Marguerite Wilkinson

*Moderato*

From the cloud on the cliff the rain is

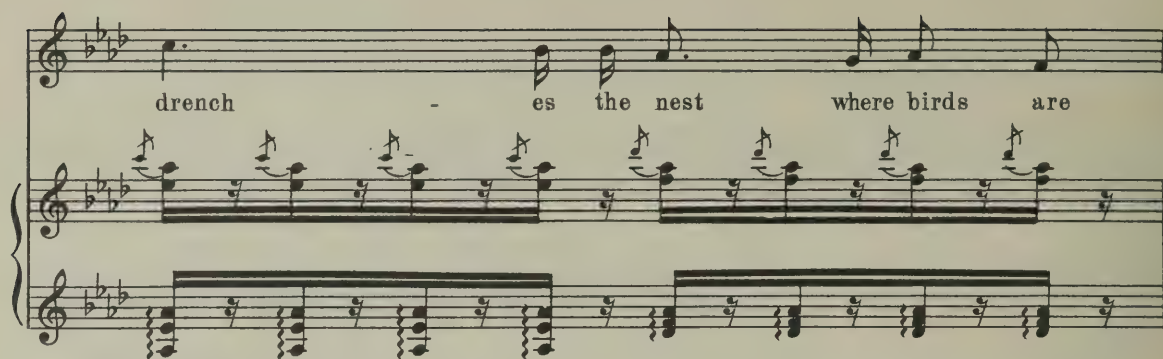
fall - ing, The

rain is as soft as a kiss, my

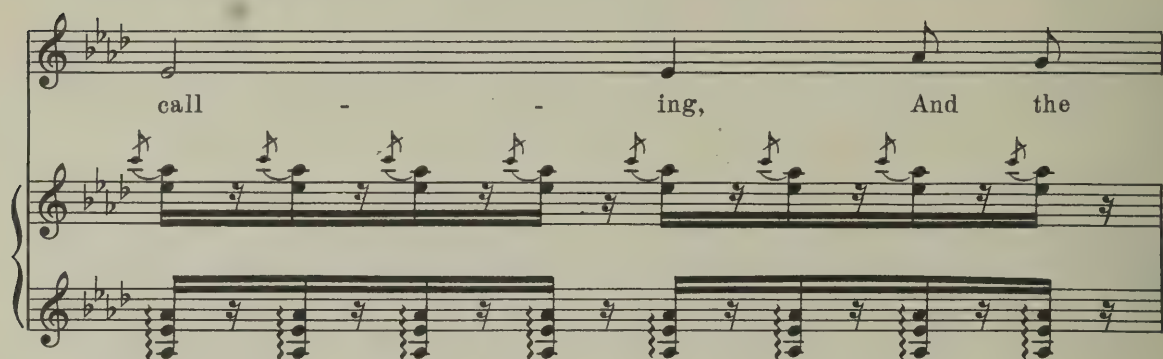
dear one, And it



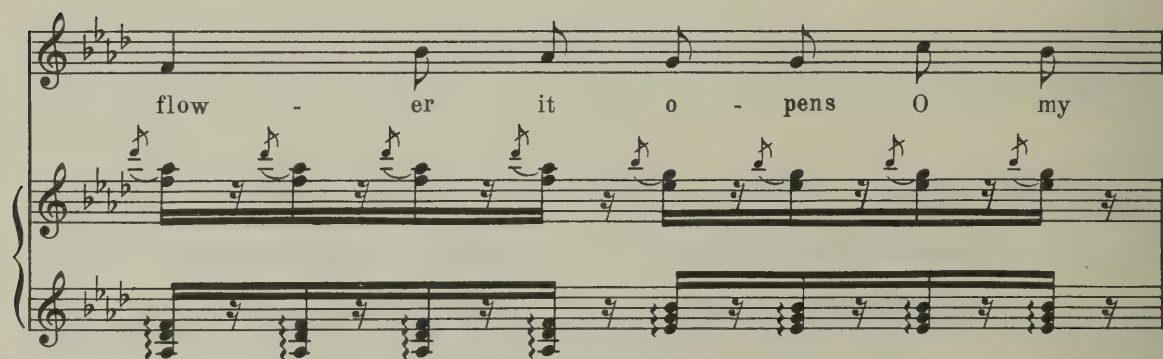
drench - es the nest where birds are



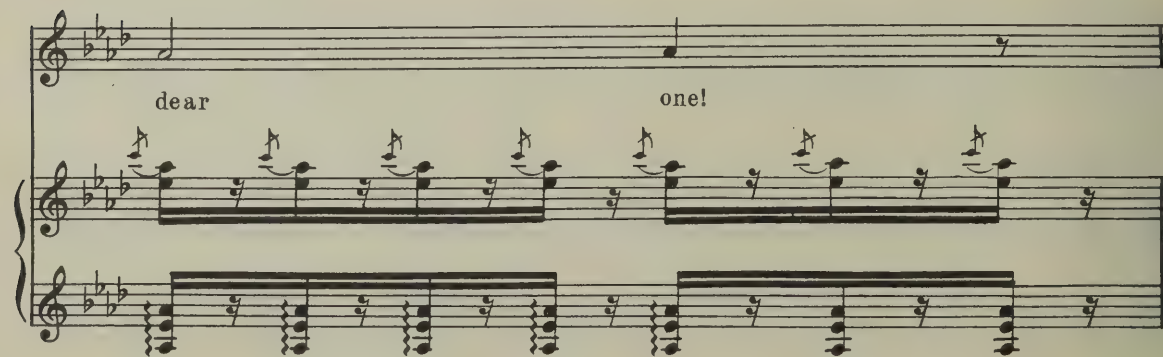
call - - ing, And the



flow - er it o - pens O my

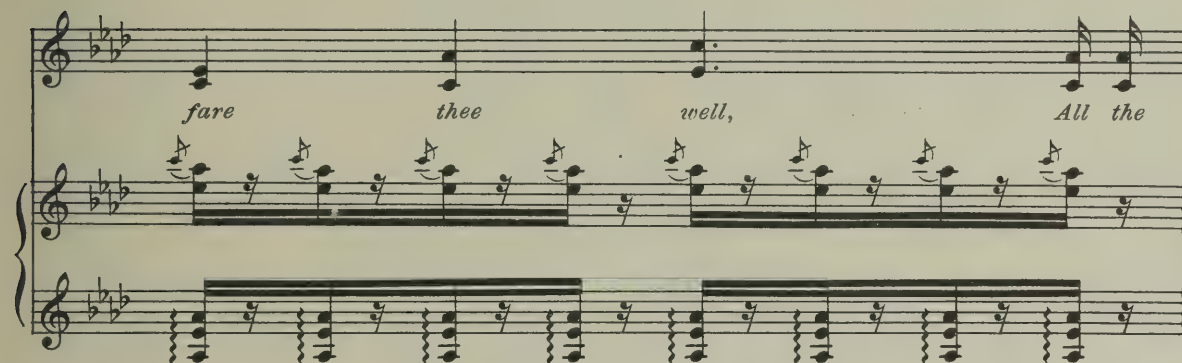


dear one!






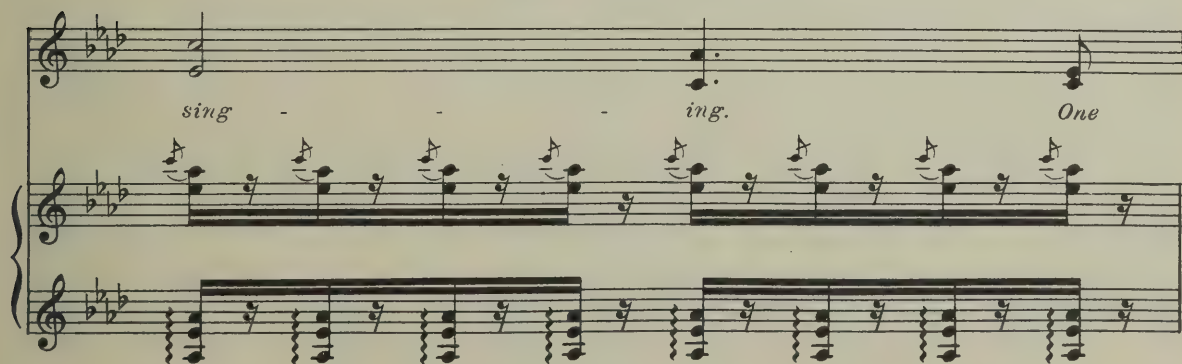
First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are: "O fare thee well, O". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand.



Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "fare thee well, All the". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic patterns as the first system.



Third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "earth with joy and love and life is". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic patterns.



Fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "sing - - - ing. One". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic patterns.

*fond em - brace to*

*hold with - in my heart Un -*

*colle voci*

*til we meet a -*

*colle voci*

*gain.*



## HAWAII

## Aloha Oe

Haaheo e ka ua i na pali,  
 Ke nihi a e la i kanahale;  
 E uhai ana paha i ka liko  
 Pua ahihi lehua o uka.

*Aloha oe, aloha oe,  
 E ke onaona noho i ka lipo;  
 One fond embrace a hoi ae au,  
 Until we meet again.*

Maopopo kuu ike i ka nani,  
 Na pua rose o Maunawili,  
 Ilaila hiaai ai na manu,  
 Mikiala i ka nani o ka liko.

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

## Aloha Oe

From the cloud on the cliff the rain is falling,  
 The rain is as soft as a kiss, my dear one,  
 And it drenches the nest where birds are calling,  
 And the flower it opens, O my dear one!

*O fare thee well, O fare thee well,  
 All the earth with joy and love and life is singing.  
 One fond embrace to hold within my heart  
 Until we meet again.*

Like the beautiful rose of Maunawili  
 That gladdens the birds in the nest, my dear one,  
 Like the cliff by the ocean is the beauty  
 Of the heart that has known them, O my dear one.

*English version by*  
 MARGUERITE WILKINSON

## HAWAII

## WHAT IS LOVE?

English version by  
 Margaret Widdemer

*Allegro moderato*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, 4/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, and ends with a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment consists of three staves: a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a single bass staff. The grand staff has a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. It features a series of chords and triplets. The bass staff has a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat, with a melody that includes triplets and a final quarter note G2. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The score includes performance instructions: 'sempre leggiero e pp' and 'simile'. The word 'What' is written at the end of the voice line.

is this strange — feel - ing com - ing?

8.

3

3

It is love from out the

8.

3

3

Verses 1 and 2

Last verse

air.

8.

3

3

poco rit.

### He Mana'o He Aloha

He mana'o he aloha  
Ka ipo lei manu.

He manu kuu hoa  
No ho mai ika nahele.

Haina ka puana la  
Ani kaulilau.

### What Is Love?

What is this strange feeling coming?  
It is love from out the air.

Ah, he who loves me, I love him;  
He has my heart and soul!

Now am I done with my singing;  
I'm swept away by love.

English version by  
MARGARET WIDDEMER

SONGS FROM CANADA

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English version by  
Anne Higginson Spicer

Arranged by  
Edward Burlingame Hill

Allegretto

My fa-ther had no girl but me, My fa-ther had no girl but

me, And so he sent me off to sea. Dance then, my

dar-ling Ce - ci - li - a, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,

ah! Ce - ci - li - a, ah, ah! Ce - ci - li - a

Cécilia

Mon père n'avait fille que moi, ]2  
Encor' sur la mer il m'envoie ;

*Sauter, mignonne Cécilia.*  
*Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!*  
*Cécilia, ah, ah!*  
*Cécilia.*

Encor' sur la mer il m'envoie, ]2  
Le marinier qui m'y menait,

Le marinier qui m'y menait, ]2  
Il devint amoureux de moi.

Il devint amoureux de moi! ]2  
. . . Ma mignonette, embrassez-moi.

Ma mignonette, embrassez-moi. ]2  
. . . Nenni, Monsieur, je n'oserais.

Nenni, Monsieur, je n'oserais, ]2  
Car si mon papa le savait,

Car si mon papa le savait, ]2  
Fille battue ce serait moi.

Fille battue ce serait moi. ]2  
. . . 'Voulez-vous, bell', qui lui dirait?

'Voulez-vous, bell' qui lui dirait? ]2  
. . . Ce serait les oiseaux des bois.

Ce serait les oiseaux des bois. ]2  
. . . Les oiseaux des bois parlent-ils?

Les oiseaux des bois parlent-ils? ]2  
. . . Ils parl'nt français, latin aussi.

Ils parl'nt français, latin aussi. ]2  
Hélas! que le monde est malin—

Hélas! que le monde est malin ]2  
D'apprendre aux oiseaux le latin.

Cecilia

My father had no girl but me, ]2  
And so he sent me off to sea.

*Dance then, my darling Cecilia*  
*Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!*  
*Cecilia, ah, ah!*  
*Cecilia.*

And so he sent me off to sea; ]2  
A sailor lad conducted me.

A sailor lad conducted me, ]2  
Who quickly fell in love, did he.

Who quickly fell in love, did he, ]2  
And, "Love," he said, "give a kiss to me."

And, "Love," he said, "give a kiss to me," ]2  
"I fear, good sir, that cannot be.

"I fear, good sir, that cannot be, ]2  
Father would know, and then, ah me!

"Father would know, and then, ah me! ]2  
A beaten daughter I would be.

"A beaten daughter I would be." ]2  
"Who would tell on us I don't see.

"Who would tell on us I don't see." ]2  
Two little birds that sing on the tree."

"Two little birds that sing on the tree? ]2  
Can little birds talk like you and me?"

"Can little birds talk like you and me? ]2  
"Yes, French and Latin as you shall see.

"Yes, French and Latin as you shall see.  
"The world is a cruel place to be, ]2

"The world is a cruel place to be, ]2  
"When Latin is taught to birds on the tree!"

*English version by*  
ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

## PRETTY FANNY

CANADA (French)

English version by  
Anne Higginson SpicerArranged by  
Edward Burlingame Hill

Allegro

It is the pret - ty Fan - ny, lon gai, it

is the pret - ty Fan - ny Who seeks

her wed - ding day. Ma lu - ron, lu - ret - te,

Who seeks her wed - ding day. Ma lu - ron, lu - ré.

*f*

*p*

*cresc.*



## La Belle Française

C'est la belle Française,

*Lon gai,*

C'est la belle Française

Qui veut s'y marier,

*Ma luron lurette,*

Qui veut s'y marier,

*Ma luron luré.*

Son amant va la voire

Bien tard après souper.

Il la trouva seulette

Sur son lit qui pleurait.

. . . Ah! qu'av'-vous donc, la belle,

Qu'av'-vous à tant pleurer?

. . . On m'a dit, hier au soir,

Qu'à la guerr' vous alliez.

. . . Ceux qui vous l'ont dit, belle,

Ont dit la vérité.

Venez m'y reconduire,

Jusqu'au pied du rocher.

Adieu, belle Française,

Je vous épouserai

Au retour de la guerre,

Si j'y suis respecté.

## Pretty Fanny

It is the pretty Fanny,

*Lon gai,\**

It is the pretty Fanny

Who seeks her wedding day.

*Ma luron, lurette,†*

Who seeks her wedding day,

*Ma luron, luré.‡*

Her lover comes a-calling

When supper's put away.

All by herself he found her,

And weeping where she lay.

'What ails you then, my dearest?

Why weep the hours away?"

"Last night they came and told me

To war you must away."

"The tale that they have told you,

It's all true what they say.

"To our old rock come with me

To cheer me on my way.

"So fare you well, sweet Fanny,

My wife you'll be some day,

"When I return from battle

If safely come I may."

English version by  
ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

\*Gay. †Lu-ret-ta. ‡Lu-ray.

## CANADA (French)

## A CHANGE OF MIND

English version by  
Theodosia GarrisonArranged by  
Edward Burlingame Hill

Moderato

'Tis not for - bid - den to change one's mind, Nor

yet to choose one's fate, Sir; And los - ing

you, young man, I find My loss is not so

great, Sir. And this I tell and tell you

still: I love but where I will. —

### Le Changement

Le changement n'est pas défendu,  
 J'en amèrai bien d'autres;  
 En vous perdant, mon beau monsieur,  
 Je ne perds pas grand' chose!  
 C'est pour vous dire encore bien mieux  
 Que j'aime quand je veux.

Si j'vous ai dit que je vous aimais,  
 Ne fallait pas le croire;  
 Si je l'ai dit, je m'en dédit—  
 J'en perds donc la mémoire.  
 C'est pour vous dire encore bien mieux  
 Que j'aime quand je veux.

### A Change of Mind

'Tis not forbidden to change one's mind,  
 Nor yet to choose one's fate, Sir;  
 And losing you, young man, I find  
 My loss is not so great, Sir.  
 And this I tell and tell you still:  
 I love but where I will.

If once I said that I loved you well,  
 Now, why should you believe it?  
 'Twas but a jest I chose to tell,—  
 More fool you to receive it!  
 And this I tell and tell you still:  
 I love but where I will.

English version by  
 THEODOSIA GARRISON

Melody and text transcribed by  
Alice La Mothe

Harmonization and English version by  
Harvey Worthington Loomis

*Allegro vivace*  
*mf giocoso cresc.*

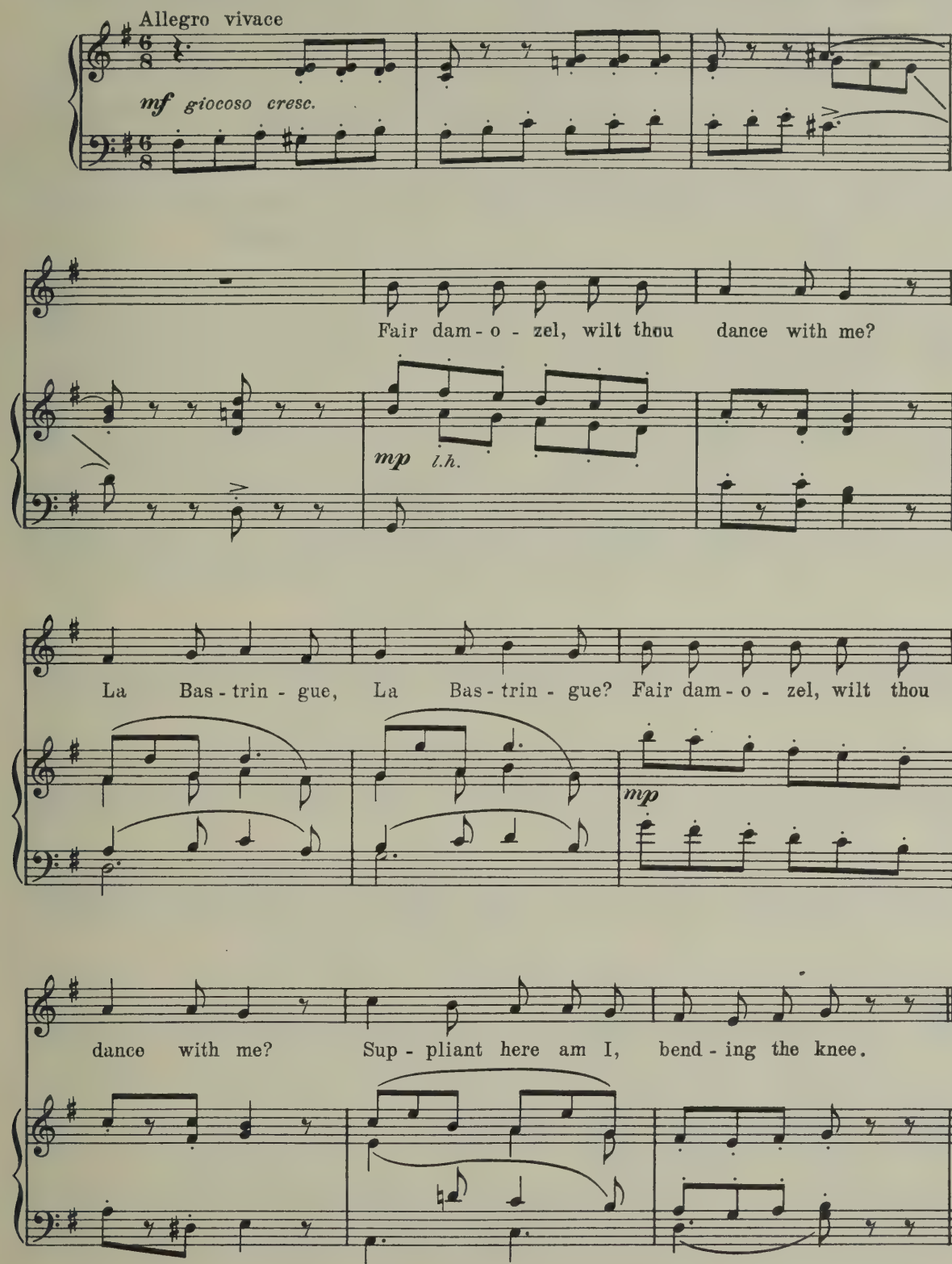
Fair dam-o-zel, wilt thou dance with me?

*mp i.h.*

La Bas-trin-gue, La Bas-trin-gue? Fair dam-o-zel, wilt thou

*mp*

dance with me? Sup-pliant here am I, bend-ing the knee.





Fain would I dance, but my slip-pers are lost! Fain would I dance, but my

*mf*

slip-pers are lost! How would a bare-foot-ed maid-en ap-pear In the

*f* *dim.*

maze of the dance with a gay ca - va - lier? —

*rall.* *a tempo*

Fair dam - o - zel, wilt thou dance with me La Bas - trin - gue,

*mp* *i.h.*

La Bas - trin - gue? Fair dam - o - zel, wilt thou dance with me?

Sup - pliant here am I, bend - ing the knee!

*mp*

*rall.*

*p grazioso*

### La Bastringue

Mademoisell', voulez-vous danser  
 La Bastringue, La Bastringue?  
 Mademoisell', voulez-vous danser  
 La Bastringue qui va commencer?

Merci, Monsieur, je n'ai pas des souliers ]3  
 Pour danser La Bastringue qui va commencer!

Mademoisell', voulez-vous, etc.

### La Bastringue\*

Fair damozel, wilt thou dance with me  
 La Bastringue, La Bastringue?  
 Fair damozel, wilt thou dance with me?  
 Suppliant here am I, bending the knee.

Fain would I dance, but my slippers are lost! ]2  
 How would a barefooted maiden appear  
 In the maze of the dance with a gay cavalier?

Fair damozel, etc.

*English version by*  
 HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

\*Pron.: Bas-strahng-u(r).

From "Negro Folk Singing Games and Folk Games of the Habitants." By Grace Cleveland Porter.

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## FAIR ISABEAU WAS WALKING

CANADA (French)

English version by  
Zona GaleArranged by  
Edward Burlingame Hill

*Lento*

Fair I - sa - beau was walk - ing

Her gar - den paths a - long, Her gar - den paths a - long. *On the*

*is - land mar - gin,* Her gar - den paths a long, *At the*

*wa - ter's edge With - in call of a ship.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Lento'. The score is divided into four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands, with some measures containing rests. The final system ends with a double bar line.



## Isabeau s'y promene

Isabeau s'y promène  
Le long de son jardin. ]2

*Sur le bord de l'île,  
Le long de son jardin  
Sur le bord de l'eau,  
Sur le bord du vaisseau.*

Elle fit un' rencontre  
De trente matelots. ]2

Le plus jeune des trente,  
Il se mit à chanter. ]2

. . . La chanson que tu chantes,  
Je voudrais la savoir. ]2

. . . Embarque dans ma barque,  
Je te la chanterai. ]2

Quand ell' fut dans la barque  
Ell' se mit à pleurer. ]2

. . . Qu'avez-vous donc, la belle,  
Qu'av'-vous à tant pleurer? ]2

. . . Je pleur' mon anneau d'ore,  
Dans l'eau-z-il est tombé. ]2

. . . Ne pleurez point, la belle,  
Je vous le plongerai. ]2

De la première plonge  
Il n'a rien ramené. ]2

De la seconde plonge  
L'anneau-z-a voltigé. ]2

De la troisième plonge  
Le galant s'est noyé. ]2

## Fair Isabeau was Walking

Fair Isabeau was walking  
Her garden paths along. ]2

*On the island margin,  
Her garden paths along,  
At the water's edge  
Within call of a ship.*

She met there in her garden  
Full thirty sailor men. ]2

The youngest of the thirty  
Began to sing a song. ]2

"The song that you are singing,  
O tell me what it is." ]2

"If you will board my good ship  
Then I will sing to you." ]2

But when she crossed the good ship  
So sorely did she weep. ]2

"O Beauty, what's the matter?  
Why do you weep so sore?" ]2

"My gold ring I am mourning;  
I dropped it in the sea." ]2

"O never weep, my Beauty,  
Swift for it I will dive." ]2

The first dive in the billows  
Gave nothing to his hand. ]2

The next time did the sailor  
See fluttering down the ring. ]2

The third time dived the gallant  
Ah, never to return. ]2

*English version by  
ZONA GALE*

## CANADA (French)

## SHEPHERDESS, WHENCE COME YOU?

English version by  
Margaret Widdemer

Andante con moto

Shep - herd - ess, whence come you, Whence come you?

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto'. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a clear phrase structure. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and simple rhythmic patterns that support the vocal line.

From the sta - ble yon - der As I walked this night,

I have seen a won - der Shin - ing all so bright.

D'où viens-tu, Bergère?

D'où viens-tu, bergère, ]<sub>2</sub>  
D'où viens-tu?

Je viens de l'étable,  
De m'y promener;  
J'ai vu un miracle  
Ce soir arrivé.

Qu'as-tu vu, bergère, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Qu'as-tu vu?

J'ai vu dans la crèche  
Un petit enfant  
Sur la paille fraîche  
Mis bien tendrement.

Rien de plus, bergère, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Rien de plus?

Saint' Marie, sa mère,  
Qui lui fait boir' du lait,  
Saint Joseph, son père,  
Qui tremble de froid.

Rien de plus, bergère, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Rien de plus?

Ya le boeuf et l'âne  
Qui sont par devant,  
Avec leur haleine  
Réchauffant l'enfant.

Rien de plus, bergère, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Rien de plus?

Ya trois petits anges  
Descendus du ciel,  
Chantant les louanges  
Du père éternel.

Shepherdess, Whence Come you?

Shepherdess, whence come you, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Whence come you?

From the stable yonder  
As I walked this night,  
I have seen a wonder  
Shining all so bright.

Shepherdess, what saw you, ]<sub>2</sub>  
What saw you?

In the manger sleeping  
A young child I saw,  
That his rest was keeping  
Softly on the straw.

Shepherdess, what more, then, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Tell us true?

Mary was his mother,  
Gave to him the breast;  
Joseph was his father,  
Scarce for cold could rest.

Shepherdess, what more, then, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Tell us true?

Ox and ass were kneeling  
Lowly in the stall,  
While their white breath stealing  
Warmed the king of all.

Shepherdess, what more, then, ]<sub>2</sub>  
Tell us true?

Down there came from Heaven  
Little angels three,  
There praise to Christ was given,  
God eternally.

English version by  
MARGARET WIDDEMER

## SONGS FROM LATIN AMERICA

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## THE INCOGNITO GALLANT

MEXICO

Translation by  
Thomas Walsh

*Allegretto giocoso*

One cloud-y night a gal-lant took his

*simile*

se - cret way, And left the crowd - ed av - e - nues be -

hind; Be - neath an old - time bal - co - ny be -

gan to play And sing his love un-to the evn-ing wind. "O maid-en

pure and fair, — and maid of saint - ly face, — In your white

*simile*

This system contains the first two measures of the song. The vocal line is in G major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The word 'simile' is written below the piano part in the second measure.

sheets so gen - tly sleep - ing there, O wake to

This system contains measures three and four. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, with some chords in the right hand becoming more complex.

hear my songs; — O rise and grant me grace; — O hear my

This system contains measures five and six. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with many sixteenth notes.

trem - bling sighs, — my la - dy fair."

This system contains measures seven and eight, ending with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand.

## Galan Incognita .

En noche lóbrega galán incógnita  
 Las calles céntricas atravezó,  
 Y bajo clásica ventana gótica  
 Templo su cítara y así cantó:  
 "Virgen purísima, de rostro angélico,  
 Que en blancas sábanas durmiendo estás,  
 Despierta y óyeme, que en dulces cánticos,  
 Suspiros trémulos vengo a exhalár."

La bella sílfide que oyó estos cánticos  
 Bajo sus sábanas se acurrucó,  
 Y dijo, "Cáscaras, es el murciélago,  
 Que anda romántico no le abro yó.  
 Porque si salgo yo en noche lóbrega,  
 Me van los céfiros a constipar."  
 Y el pobre músico cogió su cítara,  
 Y a otra ventana se fué a cantar.

## The Incognito Gallant

One cloudy night a gallant took his secret way,  
 And left the crowded avenues behind ;  
 Beneath an old-time balcony began to play  
 And sing his love unto the evening wind.  
 "O maiden pure, and fair, and maid of saintly face,  
 In your white sheets so gently sleeping there,  
 O wake to hear my songs ; O rise and grant me grace ;  
 O hear my trembling sighs, my lady fair."

The pretty maid o'erheard what he was driving at,  
 And hid her head beneath the sheets of snow.  
 And murmured, "Pshaw ! 'tis only some old, idle bat ;  
 Romantic, yes, but I'll not open—no !  
 For if I run about the house this chilly night  
 My death of cold it will most surely bring."  
 The poor musician bound his frail guitar up tight,  
 And to another window went to sing.

*Translation by*  
 THOMAS WALSH



Translation by  
Muna Lee

Arranged by  
Elena Landázuri

Andante

In the world live I all lone - ly;

In the world live I all lone - ly;

There's none on earth who will love me; — From — the trees, shade sought I

*poco più mosso*

on - ly, And their boughs are dead a - bove me, O my

*a tempo*

dar - ling!

*rit.*

### La Guajira

Yo vivo sola en el mundo ]2  
 Y de mí nadie se acuerda;  
 Busco la sombra del árbol,  
 Y los árboles se secan, vida mia!

Ay, mare, yo fui a la feria, ]2  
 A la feria del amor.  
 Mare, yo compre un juguete,  
 Y qué caro me costó, mare mia!

### The Peasant Girl

In the world live I all lonely; ]2  
 There's none on earth who will love me;  
 From the trees, shade sought I only,  
 And their boughs are dead above me—  
 O my darling!

I went to market, my mother, ]2  
 To the booth where love is sold—  
 Mother, I bought but a trinket,  
 And it cost dearer than gold,  
 O my mother!

Translation by  
 MUNA LEE

Translation by  
Muna Lee

Allegretto

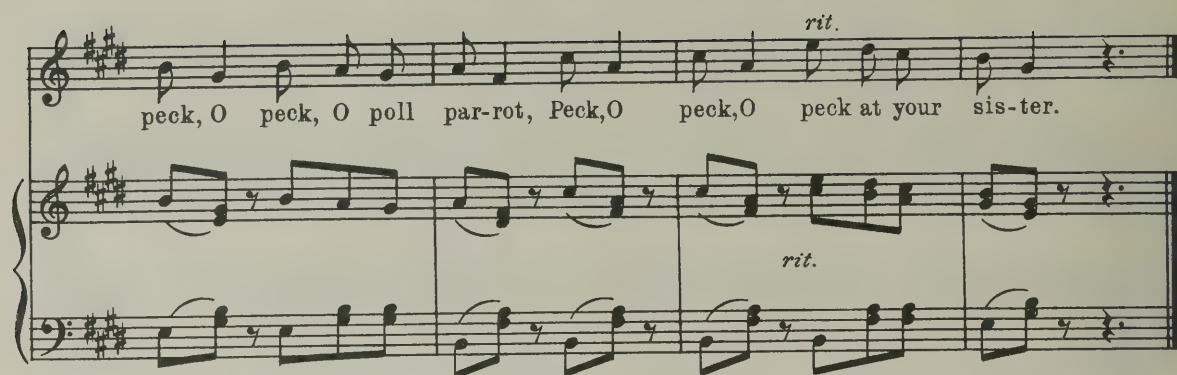
My la - - dy, your lit-tle par-rot Wants to —

— take me to the river. I've told — him I will not go there, I'd die —

— with cold all a - shiv-er! Peck, O peck, O peck, O poll-

par - rot, Peck, O peck, O peck the sand crys-tals; Peck O





## El Perico

Señora, su periquito  
Me quiere llevar al río,  
Y yo lo digo que no,  
Porque me muero de frío.

Pica, pica, pica, perico,  
Pica, pica, pica la arena;  
Pica, pica, pica, perico,  
Pica, pica, pica a tu hermana.

Quisiera ser periquito,  
Para andar siempre en el aire,  
Y allí decirte secretos  
Sin que los oyera nadie.

¡Vuela, vuela, vuela, perico,  
Vete á la tierra caliente;  
Huye, huye, huye, perico,  
Huye, húyete de la gente.

## The Poll-Parrot

My lady, your little parrot  
Wants to take me to the river.  
I've told him I will not go there,  
I'd die with cold all a-shiver!

Peck, O peck, O peck, poll-parrot,  
Peck, O peck, O peck the sand crystals,  
Peck, O peck, O peck, poll-parrot,  
Peck, O peck, O peck at your sister!

I should like to be a parrot,  
In the air shifting and veering,  
There to tell you all my secrets  
Without anybody's hearing.

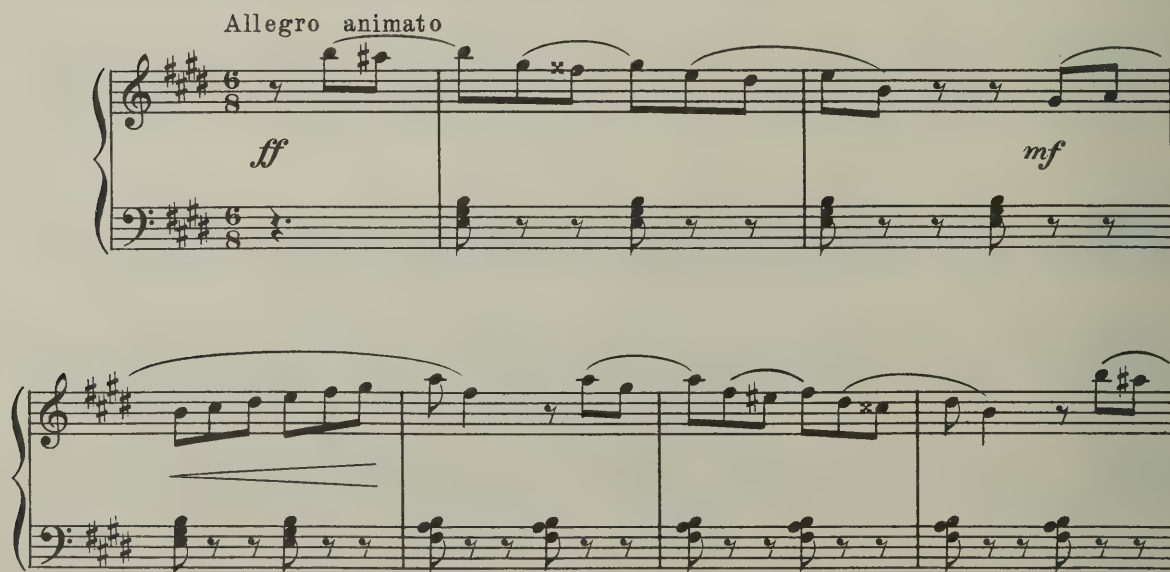
Fly off, fly off, fly off, poll-parrot,  
Seek the hotter lands of the tropics;  
Flee then, flee then, flee then, poll-parrot,  
Flee then, flee then from everybody!

Translation by  
MUNA LEE

## TO JEREZ WE WILL GO

(Dance)

Translation by  
Muna Lee



1. 2.

O if you

This system contains the first two measures of the song. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4 in the first ending and a half note A4 in the second ending. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both in G major. The first ending is marked with a double bar line and repeat dots, and the second ending is marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

wish, to Je - rez we will go, O if you

This system contains measures 3 and 4. The vocal line continues with a half note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and bass lines. The first ending is marked with a double bar line and repeat dots, and the second ending is marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

wish, to Je - rez we will go, To see that la - dy, to see that

This system contains measures 5 and 6. The vocal line continues with a half note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and bass lines. The first ending is marked with a double bar line and repeat dots, and the second ending is marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

la - dy, To see that la - dy, to see that la - dy, To see that

This system contains measures 7 and 8. The vocal line continues with a half note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and bass lines. The first ending is marked with a double bar line and repeat dots, and the second ending is marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

la - dy, To see that la - dy, That la - dy

who knows how to shake her toe. O if you fine.

The Gruel

Now the gan-der is a - boil - ing, In the steam-y ket - tle

bub - bling; Out he sticks his head and asks us,



1, 2 & 3. Last ending

"Why don't you put in the on - ions?" For in that's no sin what - ev - er!

## Jarabe Tapatio

Si quieres vámonos para Jerez, ]2  
 A ver aquella, aquella, aquella, ]3  
 Aquella que hace muy bien con los pies.

Si quieres vámonos a Zapotlán, ]2  
 A ver aquella, aquella, aquella, ]3  
 Aquella que hace tan sabroso pan.

## To Jerez We Will Go

O if you wish, to Jerez\* we will go, ]2  
 To see that lady, to see that lady, ]3  
 That lady who knows how to shake her toe.

O if you wish, let's go to Zapotlan, ]2  
 To see that lady, to see that lady, ]3  
 That lady who kneads up her bread so fine.

Pronounced Her-réth.

## El Atole

Ya el pato se está cociendo,  
 En los hervores de la olla,  
 Saca la cabeza y dice:  
 Porque no me echan cebolla?

Vengan a tomar atole,  
 Todos los que van pasando;  
 Es que el atolito bueno,  
 El atole se está agriando.

Vengan a beber atole,  
 Todos los que van pasando,  
 Que si el atole está bueno,  
 La atolera se está agriando.

De este atolito de leche,  
 Y tamales de manteca,  
 Todo el mundo se aproveche,  
 Que por esto no se peca.

## The Gruel

Now the gander is a-boiling,  
 In the steamy kettle bubbling;  
 Out he sticks his head and asks us,  
 "Why don't you put in the onions?"

Come on in and taste the gruel,  
 All who pass here; now's the hour!  
 For this gruel, appetizing,  
 This fine gruel's turning sour.

Come on in to drink the gruel,  
 All who pass here; now's the hour!  
 For although the gruel's splendid,  
 It's the cook that's turning sour.

Of the gruel nice and milky,  
 And tamales made with butter,  
 Let all here now take advantage,  
 For in that's no sin whatever!

Translation by  
 MUNA LEE

Translation by  
Muna Lee

*Andante*

In the name of Heav - - en,

I ask you for shel - - ter, For my

wife is tired; She can go no

far - - ther. Come in,

1-5. 6.

*poco più mosso*

pil - grims, ho - ly — pil - grims, ho - ly —  
lone of my poor — dwel - ling, my poor —

1.

pil-grims, In — this nook take your part; Not a -  
dwel-ling, But take al - so of my

2. Allegretto

heart. Scat - ter the can - dies, scat - ter the

sweets now, For all the chil - dren are want - ing to eat now.



# Los Peregrinos

En nombre del cielo,  
Os pido posada,  
Pues no puede andar  
Ya mi esposa amada.

Aquí no es mesón,  
Sigan adelante,  
Pues no vaya a ser  
Algún tunante.

Mi esposa es María  
La Reina del Cielo,  
Os pido posada  
Por solo una noche.

Pues si es una Reina  
Quién lo solicita,  
¿Cómo es que de noche  
Anda tan solita?

Yo soy carpintero  
De nombre José,  
Mi esposa es María  
La Madre de Dios.

Si eres tu José  
Y tu esposa es María,  
Entren, peregrinos,  
No los conocía.

Entren, santos peregrinos, peregrinos,  
A este humilde rincón  
No de mi pobre morada, morada,  
Sino de mi corazón.

Echen confites y canelones  
Para los muchachos que son comelones.

Castaña asada, piña cubierta,  
Denle de palos a los de la puerta

Andale, Lola, no te dilates  
Con la canasta de los cacahuates.

En esta posada nos hemos chasqueado  
Porque la dueña nada nos ha dado.

# The Pilgrims

In the name of Heaven,  
I ask you for shelter,  
For my wife is tired;  
She can go no farther.

I am no inn-keeper;  
You two cannot stay here—  
(Scoundrel he may be,  
Who would make a fray here!)

My wife is that Mary  
Who is Queen of Heaven—  
Shelter you refuse  
Just for one night even?

Well, if she's so queenly,  
She's not wished nor known here!  
How is it at night  
She goes forth alone here?

Carpenter you see me,  
My name's Joseph, brother;  
Mary is my wife—  
She is God's own Mother.

If your name is Joseph,  
Mary there beside you,  
You two we knew not;  
Enter, good betide you!

Come in, pilgrims, holy pilgrims, holy pilgrims,  
In this nook take your part;  
Not alone of my poor dwelling, my poor dwelling,  
But take also of my heart.

## (The Children)

Scatter the candies, scatter the sweets now,  
For all the children are wanting to eat now.

Candied pineapple! chestnuts well roasted!  
Hit with a stick all those at the door posted!

Come on then, Lola! Hurry, we ask it!  
Bring us the peanuts you have in the basket!

Here from this dwelling we'll go off sadly;  
They've giv'n us nothing and treated us badly!

Translation by  
MUNA LEE

Translation by  
Muna LeeArranged by  
Elena Landázuri*Andante con sentimento*

Pop-py, lit - tle purple la - dy From the mead - ows near Te -

The first system of the musical score is for the tempo 'Andante con sentimento'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are 'Pop-py, lit - tle purple la - dy From the mead - ows near Te -'.

pic, If you're not in love al-read-y Why don't you try to love me? Wake

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics are 'pic, If you're not in love al-read-y Why don't you try to love me? Wake'.

*Allegretto*

up now, wake up, be - lov - ed, For dawn now is all a - glow; Yes, it's

The third system of the musical score is for the tempo 'Allegretto'. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'up now, wake up, be - lov - ed, For dawn now is all a - glow; Yes, it's'.

*Tempo Primo*

dawn - ing, yes, it's dawn-ing, Sweet rose-bud from Je - ri - co!

The fourth and final system of the musical score is for the tempo 'Tempo Primo'. It concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'dawn - ing, yes, it's dawn-ing, Sweet rose-bud from Je - ri - co!'.

## Amapolita Morada

Amapolita morada  
De los llanos de Tepic,  
Si no estas enamorada,  
Enamorate de mí.  
Despierta, adorada mia,  
Despierta que amaneció.  
Que amanece, que amanece,  
Rosita de Jericó.

Si el sereno de la calle  
Me quisiera hacer favor,  
De apagar su linternita  
Inter que pasa mi amor.  
Mil gracias, señor sereno,  
Mil gracias por el favor.  
Ya encienda su linternita  
Porque ya paso mi amor.

## Little Purple Poppy

Poppy, little purple lady  
From the meadows near Tepic,  
If you're not in love already  
Why don't you try to love me?  
Wake up now, wake up, beloved,  
For dawn now is all aglow;  
Yes, it's dawning, yes, it's dawning,  
Sweet rosebud from Jerico!

If the watchman at the corner  
Wishes to be kind to me,  
Let him veil his lighted lantern  
So none my dear love may see.  
O thanks to you, dear old watchman,  
How kind you have been to me!  
Light again your little lantern;  
When my love passed, none did see.

Translation by  
MUNA LEE

## THE OWLET

MEXICO

Translation by  
Muna Lee

Arranged by  
Elena Landázuri

Andantino

Ba - by owl - et, pur - ple owl - et,

*In 2nd verse take upper notes*

Sing-ing as dawn shines a - bove, Ba - by bove, Won't you

34839



lend me your swift pin-ions, won't you lend me your swift pin-ions won't you

This system contains the first two measures of the song. The vocal line is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The first measure features a melodic line in the treble and a supporting bass line. The second measure continues the melody with a repeat sign at the end.

lend me your swift pin-ions That I may fly to my love, That I

*p* *pp* *3*

This system contains measures 3 and 4. Measure 3 begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. Measure 4 features a triplets (*3*) in the vocal line and a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic in the piano accompaniment.

1st verse Last time *Fine*

may fly to my love? Te-cu-ru in my nest I'd stay

This system contains measures 5 and 6. Measure 5 is marked '1st verse' and measure 6 is marked 'Last time' and 'Fine'. Both measures feature triplets (*3*) in the vocal line.

kwa, kwa, kwa, te-cu-ru kwa, kwa, kwa, te-cu-ru

This system contains measures 7 and 8. Both measures feature triplets (*3*) in the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass and chords in the treble.

kwa, kwa, kwa, Poor wee owl-et, poor lit-tle owl-et, It is  
tired from cry-ing so. If I

*pp*  
*rall.*

*D. S. al Fine*

### Tecolotito

Tecolotito morado,  
Pájaro madrugador.  
Me prestaras tus alitas, ]3  
Para ir a ver a mi amor. ]2

Tecuru cua, cua, cua, ]3  
Probecito tecolotito,  
Ya se cansa de llorar.

Si yo fuero tecolote,  
No me lanzaría a volar.  
Me quedara en mi nidito ]3  
Y acabándome de criar. ]2

### The Owllet

Baby owllet, purple owllet,  
Singing as dawn shines above,  
Won't you lend me your swift pinions ]3  
That I may fly to my love? ]2

Tecuru kwa, kwa, kwa, ]3  
Poor wee owllet, poor little owllet.  
It is tired from crying so.

If I were a little owllet,  
I would never steal away;  
Till my wings were strong and steady, ]3  
Safe within my nest I'd stay. ]2

*Translation by*  
MUNA LEE

Translation by  
Muna Lee

*Andante con sentimento*

One time a bump-kin was sit-ting At the

en-trance of the cor-ral, One ral, And the

o-ver-seer said to him, "Why so

gloom-y, Ni-co-lás?" And the lás?"

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo/mood is 'Andante con sentimento'. The score is divided into four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. There are first and second endings marked with '1' and '2' above the staff. The lyrics are: 'One time a bump-kin was sit-ting At the en-trance of the cor-ral, One ral, And the o-ver-seer said to him, "Why so gloom-y, Ni-co-lás?" And the lás?"'. The score ends with a double bar line.



## El Payo

Estaba un payo sentado  
En las tranças de un corral;  
Y el mayordomo le dice:  
"No estés triste, Nicolás."

"Si quiere que no este triste,  
Lo que pida me han de dar."  
Y el mayordomo le dice:  
"Vé pidiendo, Nicolás."

"Necesito de esa china  
Porque me quiero casar."  
Y el mayordomo le dice:  
"Tiene dueño, Nicolas."

Nicolás, desesperado,  
En un pozo se iba a echar;  
Y el mayordomo le dice:  
"¡De cabeza, Nicolás!"

## The Bumpkin

One time a bumpkin was sitting  
At the entrance of the corral,  
And the overseer said to him,  
"Why so gloomy, Nicolás?"

"If you don't want me to be gloomy,  
You have to give what I ask."  
And the overseer said to him,  
"Ask right on then, Nicolás!"

"What I need is that girl over yonder;  
I wish to marry the lass!"  
And the overseer said to him,  
"You're too late there, Nicolás!"

Poor Nicolas, broken-hearted,  
To drown himself tried at last;  
And the overseer said to him,  
"Jump in head-first, Nicolás!"

Translation by  
MUNA LEE

## THE PEACOCK

MEXICO

Translation by  
Muna Lee

Arranged by  
Elena Landázuri

Allegro giocoso

Now that the sap-ling has fal - len,      Where slept the pea-cock th'night

through,      Now that the sap-ling has fal - len,

Where slept the pea - cock th'night through, On the

This system contains the first two measures of the song. The vocal line features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. It includes a triplet of eighth notes in the first measure and a half note in the second. The piano accompaniment consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand.

hard ground he must slum - ber, On the

This system contains measures three and four. The vocal line continues with a triplet of eighth notes in measure three and a half note in measure four. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

hard ground he must slum - ber, On the hard ground he must

This system contains measures five and six. The vocal line features a triplet of eighth notes in measure five and a half note in measure six. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

slum - ber As oth - er an - i - mals do, Ha, ha, ha, ha!

This system contains the final four measures of the song. The vocal line includes a triplet of eighth notes in measure seven, a half note in measure eight, and a triplet of eighth notes in measure nine. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in measure seven and a half note in measure eight. The system concludes with a double bar line. The tempo marking 'rall.' is present above measure nine.

## MEXICO

## El Pavu Rial

Ya se cayó el arbolito  
 Donde durmía el pavu rial. ]<sup>2</sup>  
 Y ora durmira en el suelo ]<sup>3</sup>  
 Como cualquier animal.  
 ¡Ha, ha, ha, ha!

## The Peacock

Now that the sapling has fallen,  
 Where slept the peacock th' night through, ]<sup>2</sup>  
 On the hard ground he must slumber ]<sup>3</sup>  
 As other animals do.  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Translation by  
 MUNA LEE

## THE BULL AND THE COWBOY

MEXICO

Translation by  
 Muna Lee

Arranged by  
 Elena Landázuri

Andante come recitativo

And there goes the bull; look out there, Cowboy, don't let him come near! And

near!— I will send you a red blan-ket So that you can tease him here.—

(The Bull)

I will send you a red blanket So that you can tease him here.— Mmm,—

34839



mmm, mmm, *Hurry up, cow-boy; he makes for you now*

*Head him off; show them what you can do now. Rope him now! That I have done!*

*Tie him up! That I have done! Throw him down! That I have done!*

*I'll show you how if you do not know, I'll show you how if*

Andante *(The Bull)*

you do not know! \_\_\_\_\_ Mmm, \_\_\_\_\_ mmm, \_\_\_\_\_ mmm. \_\_\_\_\_

### El Toro y el Ranchero

Yay te va el toro, muchacho, no te lo dejes llegar, ]2  
 Yay te mando un buen sarape pa que lo puedas toriar. ]2  
 (*El toro*) ; Mmm, mmm, mmm!

Y anda, muchacho, yay te va el toro,  
 Saca la vuelta pero con modo.  
     ; Lázalo! ; Ya lo lacé!  
     ; Piálalo! ; Ya lo pialé!  
     ; Túmbalo! ; Ya lo tumbé!  
 Y si no sabe lo enseñaré. ]2  
 (*El toro*) ; Mmm, mmm, mmm!

### The Bull and the Cowboy

And there goes the bull; look out there, ]2  
 Cowboy, don't let him come near!  
 I will send you a red blanket ]2  
 So that you can tease him here. ]2  
 (*The bull*) Mmm, mmm, mmm!

Hurry up, cowboy; he makes for you now.  
 Head him off; show them what you can do now.  
     Rope him now! That I have done!  
     Tie him up! That I have done!  
     Throw him down! That I have done!  
 I'll show you how if you do not know. ]2  
 (*The bull*) Mmm, mmm, mmm!

Translation by  
MUNA LEE

## THE SHEPHERD GIRL

English version by  
Florence Wilkinson

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The word 'simile' is written below the piano accompaniment in the second system. The score ends with a double bar line in the fourth system.

The brook was all a - ri - ot, — A  
shep - herd girl was she; — I stole up to her so qui -  
— et — Mid wa - ter - laugh - ter a - glee. — She  
mur - mured softer than breath - ing: — "O a - las, ay de mi! ay de mi!" —

*simile*



## La Zagala

A orillas de una fuente,  
Una zagala ví;  
Y con el ruido del agua  
Me fuí acercando hacia allí;  
Y oí una voz que decía:  
¡Ay de mi! ¡ay de mi! ¡ay de mi!

Como la ví solita  
Mi amor le ofrecí yo;  
Ella quedó turbada  
Y nada me contestó;  
Entonces dije para mí:  
¡Ya calló, ya calló, ya calló!

La tomé de la mano  
Y a un jardín me la llevé,  
Y en su sensible pecho  
Un ramo le coloqué.  
La niña entonces me dijo:  
¡Ay Jesús! ¡que atrevido es usted!

La cogí de la mano  
Y a un café me la llevé,  
Y en sus divinos labios  
Un beso la coloqué.  
La niña entonces me dijo:  
¡Ahora sí que lo quiero yo a usted!

## The Shepherd Girl

The brook was all a-riot,—  
A shepherd girl was she;  
I stole up to her so quiet  
Mid water-laughter a-gee.  
She murmured softer than breathing:  
"O alas, ay de mi! ay de mi!"

Because she looked so lonely,  
"You pretty child!" said I.  
And, frightened a little only,  
She uttered never a cry.  
I lilted, lighter than mocking:  
"O alas, ay de mi! and ay, ay!"

I took her slender fingers  
In mine and led her where  
The garden in shadow lingers.  
I plucked her roses to wear,  
And showered them down on her bosom.  
"Don't you dare to," she cried, "don't you dare!"

A café we had seen, ah,  
As hand in hand we strolled.  
"Divine are your lips, my niña,"  
Across the table I told,  
And kissed her lips while she murmured:  
"I am yours, O my lover so bold."

English version by  
FLORENCE WILKINSON

## THE CABIN

English version by  
Angela Morgan

Con moto

Con moto

Come to my cabin so lonely, Which is waiting you

on - ly, Stand-ing empty and drear.

Come, \_\_\_\_\_ where my hammock is swing - ing, But the sweet bas-il

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 12/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand in treble clef with a 4/2 time signature and a left hand in bass clef with a 12/8 time signature. The lyrics are: "Come, \_\_\_\_\_ where my hammock is swing - ing, But the sweet bas-il".

bring - ing Naught of fra-grance or cheer. — Come

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "bring - ing Naught of fra-grance or cheer. — Come". The piano accompaniment continues with the same 4/2 and 12/8 time signatures. The system ends with a double bar line and a key change to three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

Come, out my love, how

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "Come, out my love, how". The piano accompaniment continues with the same 4/2 and 12/8 time signatures. The system ends with a double bar line and a key change to three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

sad am I! With - out your  
faith I find, No hope, no

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "sad am I! With - out your faith I find, No hope, no". The piano accompaniment continues with the same 4/2 and 12/8 time signatures. The system ends with a double bar line and a key change to three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The first system is marked with a '1' and the second with a '2'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

**1**  
love, the sun must die. With -

**2**  
God for hu - man - kind. \_\_\_\_\_

*gva.!*

### La Cabaña

Ven a mi pobre cabaña  
Que te espera y extraña  
Cuando faltas de aquí.  
Ven, que te espera mi hamaca,  
Y las flores de albahaca  
No perfuman sin ti.

*Ven, ven, mi amor, que triste estoy;  
¡Sin ti no hay luz, sin luz no hay sol!  
Ven, ven, mi amor, que triste estoy;  
¡Sin ti no hay fe, sin fe no hay Dios!*

Si vuelvas a mi cabaña  
Donde llora la caña  
Con suspiros de amor,  
Se abrirán todas las flores  
Y darán sus olores  
Los naranjos en flor.

### The Cabin

Come to my cabin so lonely,  
Which is waiting you only,  
Standing empty and drear.  
Come, where my hammock is swinging,  
But the sweet basil bringing  
Naught of fragrance or cheer.

*Come, come, my love, how sad am I!  
Without your love, the sun must die.  
Without your love, no faith I find,  
No hope, no God for humankind.*

Come, where my cabin is sleeping,  
And the sugar cane weeping  
With the sadness of love.  
Come, and the flowers will brighten,  
And the orange tree whiten  
With its blossoms above.

*English version by  
ANGELA MORGAN*



## THE CROSS IN THE VALLEY

English version by  
Wilbur D. Nesbit

Arranged by  
Franklin Robinson

Adagio

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The lyrics are: 'I came to the cross in the val - ley; My flock fol - lowed through the dell. There, in the gath - er - ing shad - ows\_ Ah! Grief made my sad bo - som swell. Faith - less, she came not to mur - mur "Fare - well! Fare - well!"'. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The vocal line includes various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The score ends with a double bar line.

I came to the cross in the val - ley; My

flock fol - lowed through the dell. There, in the gath - er - ing

shad - ows\_ Ah! Grief made my sad bo - som swell.

Faith - less, she came not to mur - mur "Fare - well! Fare - well!"



blue; And the dew, in a cloud a - bove the

mead - ow — As in my dream - ing, — As in my dream - ing, you. —

— Now in a king's crown — the love - ly pearl has

per - ished; — A strang - er's hand has thrown — the flow - er



by; — Died in mist - wreath, the dew the twi - light

The first system of the musical score for 'La Perla'. It features a vocal line in G major (one flat) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic phrase with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand.

cher - ished — As in your mem - 'ry, — As in your

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand.

mem - 'ry, I. —

The third system of the musical score, ending with a double bar line. The vocal line has a final melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with a triplet of eighth notes in the left hand.

### La Perla

En el fondo del mar nació la perla,  
En la alta roca la violeta azul,  
En las nubes la gota de rocío,  
Y en mis ensueños, tú.

Murió la perla en la imperial corona,  
En búcaro gentil la mustia flor,  
En brillantes vapores el rocío,  
Y en tu memoria, yo.

### The Pearl

Lived the pearl in the deeps of ocean-shadow;  
On rocky heights, the violet so blue;  
And the dew, in a cloud above the meadow—  
As in my dreaming, you.

Now in a king's crown the lovely  
pearl has perished;  
A stranger's hand has thrown the flower by;  
Died in mist-wreath, the dew  
the twilight cherished—

As in your memory, I.

*English version by*  
RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING

Translation by  
Muna Lee

As sung by  
Gonzalo C. Fernández  
Arranged by Julio Osma

Non troppo allegro

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Non troppo allegro'. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'Lit - tle shep - herds, come forth from the vale; — Lit - tle'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm, supporting the vocal melody. The lyrics continue: 'shep - herds, come forth and a - dore — Je - sus Sa - vior, born here in a'. The piano accompaniment features a mix of chords and moving lines. The lyrics conclude with 'man - ger, Who will reign, Heav - en's King ev - er more. —'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained chord in the left hand.

Lit - tle shep - herds, come forth from the vale; — Lit - tle

shep - herds, come forth and a - dore — Je - sus Sa - vior, born here in a

man - ger, Who will reign, Heav - en's King ev - er more. —

### Villancico

Pastorcitos del valle, venid,  
Pastorcitos, venid a adorar,  
A Jesus que nació en un pesebre  
Que es el Dios que aquí reinará.

En pesebre el Dios Niño nació,  
Pastorcillos del mundo, venid  
Con ofrendas de miel y de mirra,  
Que se encuentra rodeado de amor.

¡Quién dijera que aquel que en Belén  
Pobre y solo a este mundo llegó,  
Era el Dios que en el cielo moraba  
Y que solo nos vino a salvar!

Del Oriente los Magos vinieron  
A Belén a adorar al Señor,  
Que tan pobre nació en un pesebre  
Y que es el hijo de Dios.

### Little Shepherds

Little shepherds, come forth from the vale:  
Little shepherds, come forth and adore  
Jesus Savior, born here in a manger,  
Who will reign, Heaven's King evermore.

To surround Him with tokens of love,  
In the manger made great by His birth,  
Bring the Infant, our Lord, myrrh and honey,  
All ye dear little shepherds of earth.

Who would say that in Bethlehem town,  
Poor and lonely, to earth there had come  
One Who offers to us our salvation  
And has Heaven above for His home!

From the East there came forth three Wise Men,  
Seeking Bethlehem town to adore  
Jesus Savior, born there in a manger,  
Who will reign, Son of God evermore.

*Translation by*  
MUNA LEE



English version by  
Muna Lee

By Carlos Valderrama  
from Inca themes

Moderato

Tell me, O Lord, of thy

rea - son, That Thou gav - est me a heart — Through no fault at

all of my own. Might - y Sun - god canst Thou

de - sire? Ten - der Moon, canst Thou love?

Fa - ther a - bove, O great Fa - ther Sun,

*accel.* Let not storm-y win-ter yield— *rit.* Cold to freeze our— love-ly green field.

## Imanirta

Imanirta pacha—camac  
Sonkoyñita camaraycui  
Ima jucha ñokapámac?

Inti muna cuya cuya?  
Cuiya cuna cuna?

Juyapayak:  
Oh sumac camac  
Amapuni casa churic  
Pampa ñocayokta.

JUAN DURAN

(Free Spanish translation)

¿Porqué. Creador del mundo,  
Me hiciste con corazón  
Sin culpa mía ninguna?

¿Sol poderoso, quieres amar?  
¿Luna amorosa, puedes querer?

Dios misericordioso:  
Oh hermoso padre Sol,  
No permitas que el frío hiele  
Nuestros hermosos campos.

## Why, Creator?

Tell me, O Lord, of thy reason,  
That Thou gavest me a heart  
Through no fault at all of my own.

Mighty Sun-god, canst Thou desire?  
Tender Moon, canst Thou love?

Father above,  
O great Father Sun,  
Let not stormy winter yield  
Cold to freeze our lovely green field.

English version by  
MUNA LEE

# SONGS FROM ARMENIA

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## II

# SONGS FROM ASIA

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## THE PRISONER TO THE SWALLOW

ARMENIA

English version by  
Alice Stone BlackwellArranged by  
Frederick S. Converse

*Andante*

*p*

O swal-low dear, thou lit-tle

wan - der - ing bird, sweet bird! O swal-low dear, that far dost

roam, With voice how sad thou near my pris-on cell dost sing, With

*ritard.* *Lento molto* *p*

voice how sad! — Sweet bird, dost lament for

*ritard.* *p*

thy mate? Dost la-ment for thy mate, dost la-ment for thy mate?

*f* Left to pine here, for - saken and a - lone,  
*dimin.*

*p* Find - ing no com - fort dost thou mourn? Grieve then like me, sweet bird, then grieve,

*molto rit.* Grieve like me.  
*molto rit.* *p* *pp*

## Ո՛Վ ԾԻԾԵՌՆԱԿ

Ով ծիծեռնակ, վարանած թռչնիկ, ինչ տրտմագին,  
 Ով ծիծեռնակ, վարանած թռչնիկ,  
 Ինչ տրտմագին ձայնիւ, ձայնիւ կեղանակես  
 Մօտ իմ բանտին:  
 Միթէ վարուժանդ սիրուն  
 Վարուժանդդ սիրուն, վարուժանդդ սիրուն  
 Հոս միայնակ թռչուց գեղ  
 Եւ դու սնամթիւքար կը հեծեծես,  
 Ոհ լաց ուրեմըն, ինծի պէս  
 Ինծի պէս:

Բայց երանի, քեզ բիւր երանի, կրրնաս թռչիլ  
 Բայց երանի քեզ, բիւր երանի  
 Կրրնաս թռչիլ թեթեւ թեթեւ թեւոցդ ի ծայր  
 Ընդ սար, ընդ ձոր:  
 Բայց հոս արեւոյն ազօտ նըշոյլ,  
 Արեւոյն ազօտ նըշոյլ, արեւոյն ազօտ նըշոյլ  
 Իմ մութ բանտին է անթափանց  
 Եւ ոչ մեղմ հովիկ մը շունչ զովագին  
 Տանելու ձայն իմ սիրելեաց  
 Սիրելեաց:

## The Prisoner to the Swallow

O swallow dear, thou little wandering bird, sweet bird!  
 O swallow dear, that far dost roam,  
 With voice how sad thou near my prison cell dost sing,  
 With voice how sad!  
 Sweet bird, dost lament for thy mate?  
 Dost lament for thy mate, dost lament for thy mate?  
 Left to pine here, forsaken and alone,  
 Finding no comfort dost thou mourn?  
 Grieve then like me, sweet bird, then grieve,  
 Grieve like me.

Yet happier thou, sweet bird, a fortune is thine more blest.  
 A thousand fold art thou more blest,  
 For thou canst freely fly, fly swift on thy light wing  
 O'er hill and dale.  
 But here, here the gentle sun's ray,  
 Here the gentle sun's ray, here the gentle sun's ray  
 Vainly my prison dark may seek to pierce;  
 Here no soft breeze can bear my voice  
 To my own loved ones far away,  
 Far away.

*English version by*  
 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL



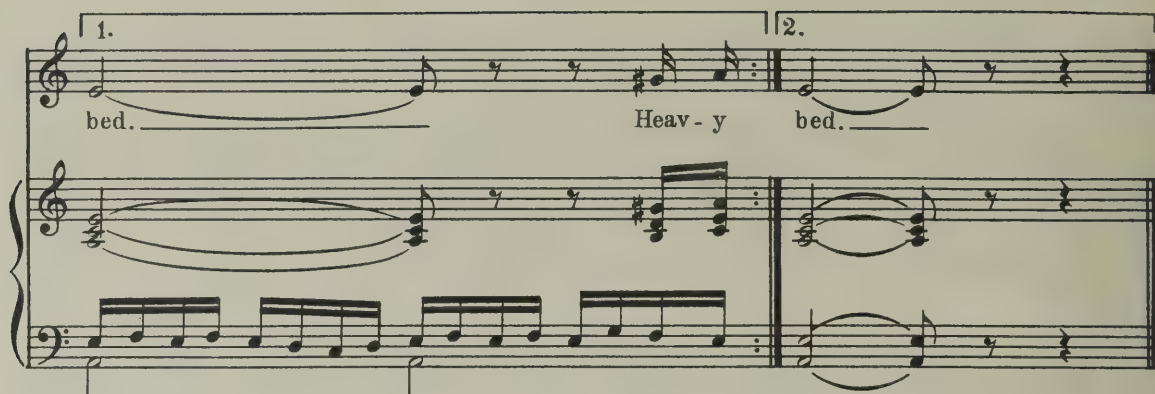
English version by  
Edwin Markham

Arranged by  
Franklin Robinson

Andante

Whirl, my spool; go whirl - ing,  
whirl - ing; Spin the long white wool-en  
thread; Heavy threads and fine, go  
twirl - ing For our com - fort, house and

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The vocal line is written in a single staff with lyrics in English. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano staff. The lyrics are: 'Whirl, my spool; go whirl - ing, whirl - ing; Spin the long white wool-en thread; Heavy threads and fine, go twirl - ing For our com - fort, house and'. The score ends with a double bar line.



## Հ Ա Խ Ա Ր Ա Կ

Մանի՛ր, մանի՛ր, իմ ճախարակ,  
 Մանի՛ր սպիտակ մալանչներ,  
 Մանի՛ր թելեր հաստ ու բարակ,  
 Որ ես հոգամ իմ ցաւեր:

Մանի՛ր, մանի՛ր, իմ ճախարակ,  
 Լիսեռնիկըդ պըտտի՛ր,  
 Մանի՛ր թելեր հաստ ու բարակ,  
 Իլկիդ վըրայ փաթաթի՛ր:

Տիգրանիկըս գուլպայ չունի,  
 Համդ է գնում ոտաբաց,  
 Գաբրիէլըս չունիս չունի,  
 Միշտ անում է սուգ ու լաց:

Մանի՛ր, մանի՛ր, իմ ճախարակ,  
 Մանի՛ր սպիտակ փաթիլներ,  
 Մանի՛ր թելեր հաստ ու բարակ,  
 Որ ես հոգամ իմ ցաւեր:

Զուլ չունինք, չաթու չունինք,  
 Ոչ սամուտէն, ոչ պարան,  
 Այսպէս ազգատ դեռ եղած չենք,  
 Կրտսերել է ամէն բան:

Դեռ հարս էի, որ գործեցի  
 Քանի կարպետ խալիչա,  
 Բայց դըրանցից շուտ զըրկեցի,  
 Հիմա չունիմ մի քեչա:

Մանի՛ր, մանի՛ր, իմ ճախարակ,  
 Մանի՛ր սպիտակ բուլաներ,  
 Մանի՛ր թելեր հաստ ու բարակ,  
 Որ ես հոգամ իմ ցաւեր:

## The Spool

Whirl, my spool; go whirling, whirling;  
 Spin the long white woolen thread;  
 Heavy threads and fine, go twirling  
 For our comfort, house and bed.

Spin, my spool; go spinning, spinning;  
 Shuttle race, oh race along;  
 Heavy threads and fine, go spinning;  
 Wind them, bobbin, smooth and strong.

My small Dikran has no breeches;  
 Cold is he, cries night and day.  
 Gabriel wears but rags and stitches,  
 Goes out barefoot, work or play.

Spin, my spool; keep spinning, spinning;  
 Gather up, spin soft white flakes;  
 Heavy threads and fine, go spinning;  
 'Twill provide for pains and aches.

We've not even coarsest sacking,  
 Not a rope, nor scrap of fur.  
 Everything we need is lacking;  
 Poor like this we never were.

As a bride I came a-weaving  
 Carpets downy like doves' wings.  
 One by one I've seen them leaving,  
 Rugs and garments, all my things.

Spin, my spool; go spinning, spinning,  
 Spin the long white streams of thread;  
 Heavy threads and fine, go spinning  
 For our comfort, house and bed.

English version by  
 EDWIN MARKHAM

## COME, O NIGHTINGALE

English version by  
Charles H. Botsford

Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes, with some measures containing rests. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble.

Come, O night - in - gale, — not with wood - notes

wild, But a chant in - ton - ing for my rest - less

child. Come not, night-in - gale, — he wails on and

on; — Nev - er shall my son — wear a priest - ly gown.



## Օ Ր Օ Ր Ո Ց Ի Ե Ր Գ

Արի՛ իմ սոխակ, քո՛ղ պարտե՛զ մերին,  
Տաղերով՝ փուն բեր տըղիս աչերին.  
Բայց նա լալիս է.— դու, սոխակ մի՛ գալ.—  
Իմ որդին չուզէ տիրացու դառնալ:

Թո՛ղ դու, տատրակիկ, փու ձագն ու բունը,  
Վայվայով տըղիս քե՛ր անուշ փունը.  
Բայց նա լալիս է, տատրակիկ, մի՛ գալ,  
Իմ որդին չուզէ սըգաւոր դառնալ:

Կաչաղակ մարպիկ, գող, արծաթ-ասէր,  
Շահի զըրուցով որդուս փունը բեր.  
Բայց նա լալիս է, կաչաղակ մի՛ գալ,  
Իմ որդին չուզէ սովտափար դառնալ:

Թո՛ղ որսըդ, արի՛, փաշափրտ քազէ,  
Քո՛ւ երգը գուցէ իմ որդին կ'ուզէ...  
Բազէն որ եկաւ՝ որդիս լընեցաւ,  
Ռազմի երգերի ձայնով փընեցաւ:

ՔԱՄԱՌ-ԲԱԹԻՊԱ

## Come, O Nightingale

Come, O nightingale, not with wood notes wild.  
But a chant intoning for my restless child.  
Come not, nightingale, he wails on and on;  
Never shall my son wear a priestly gown.

Come, O little dove, leave your sheltered nest;  
With your soft complaining, lull my child to rest.  
Still his tears are flowing, fly, sweet dove, away;  
Never shall my son with the mourners pray.

Clever little magpie, hop along in sight;  
Tell us where to look for golden pieces bright.  
Hush, O hush, my child, magpie's gone, you see;  
Never shall my son an old merchant be.

Falcon, leave your eyrie on the mountain height;  
Chant the cry of battle for my child's delight.  
Now the child is sleeping, every tear drop dried;  
Well I know my son shall with warriors ride!

*English version by*  
CHARLES H. BOTSFORD

English version by  
Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

Arranged by  
Romanos Melikian

*Moderato leggiero*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato leggiero'. The lyrics are in English and are written below the vocal line. The lyrics are: 'Come home with me, Man - - - nan; List to my plead - - - ing. Sleep comes not, nor - - - dream - - - ing; Thee, dear, am I - - - need - - - ing.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Come home with me, Man - - - nan; List to my plead - - - ing.

Sleep comes not, nor - - - dream - - - ing;

Thee, dear, am I - - - need - - - ing.

*Come, — Man-nan, come, Come, — O my — soul! soul!*

*cresc.*

*f*

## ԱՐԻ ՄԱՆԱՆ

Արի Մանան, արի՛ գնանք մեր տունը,  
Գիշեր ցերեկ գուրկ է աչքերէս քունը, ջա՛ն,  
Ջա՛ն Մանան ջա՛ն. —

Մանան սարէն կուգայ, շալկինը ժախ է.  
Ոսկեթել մագերը քիկունքէն կախ է, ջա՛ն.  
Ջա՛ն Մանան ջա՛ն. —

Երկինքը ամպել է, գետինը թաց է,  
Մանանի քիկունքը կիսէն հետ թաց է, ջա՛ն,  
Ջա՛ն Մանան ջա՛ն. —

## Come, Mannan

Come home with me, Mannan;  
List to my pleading.  
Sleep comes not, nor dreaming;  
Thee, dear, am I needing.

*Come, Mannan, come,  
Come, O my soul!*

Down from the hills laden,  
Green herbs she's bringing,  
Her golden hair streaming  
As Mannan comes singing.

Skies grow gray; clouds darken;  
Chill dews are falling;  
Her bare shoulders, gleaming.  
Hear, Mannan, I'm calling!

*English version by  
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT*

## THE SURE HOPE

English version by  
Alice Stone Blackwell

Arranged by  
Isabel D. Post

*Lento*

Let the wind blow cold; — let it beat my face; —



Let the clouds a - bove — heav - y snow - flakes fling; -

Let the north wind blow, rag - ing all it will. -

Yet I live in hope — soon or late comes spring.

## Յ Ո Յ Ս

Թո՛ղ փչէ քամին պաղ պաղ երեսիս,  
վերէն, ամպերէն սաստիկ ձիւն քո՛ղ գայ,  
ո՛րքան որ կուզէ՝ քոզ կառողի հիւսիս,  
Յուսով եմ, վաղ ուշ գարունը պիտ գայ: 61

Թուխպը քո՛ղ պատէ երկինքը պայծառ,  
Թանձր մառախուղ երկիր քո՛ղ փակէ,  
Տարերք աշխարհիս խառնուին իրար,  
Յուսով եմ, վաղ ուշ արեւ պիտ ծագէ:

Թո՛ղ գայ փորձութիւն, քո՛ղ գայ հուճեմանք,  
Խաւար քո՛ղ դառնայ անաղօտ լոյսը.  
Սարսափելի չեն Հային տառապանք  
Միայն... չի հատնէր խեղճուկի յոյսը:

ՔԱՄԱՌ-ՔԱԹԻՊԱ

## The Sure Hope

Let the wind blow cold; let it beat my face;  
 Let the clouds above heavy snow-flakes fling;  
 Let the north wind blow, raging all it will,  
 Yet I live in hope soon or late comes spring.  
 Let the heavy clouds make the clear sky dark;  
 Let the mist so dense hide the land from sight;  
 Let earth, air and sea be together mixed,  
 Yet I know the sun will again be bright.  
 Let harsh trials come; persecutions rage;  
 And the light grow dim of the sun on high;  
 To Armenian hearts, pain is naught to dread,  
 But the poor man's hope must not fade and die!

*English version by*  
 ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

## HABERBAN

ARMENIA

Translation by  
 Zabelle C. Boyajian

Allegretto

(Boy) Ha - ber - ban! — (Girl) Chan - y chan! —

(Boy) I have loved your win - some face, And your nev - er

chang - ing grace. If they give you not to me, —

May God send them black dis - grace.

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a vocal melody with eighth and quarter notes, and a piano accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are 'May God send them black dis - grace.'

(Girl) Ha - ber - ban! (Boy) Chan - y chan! (Girl) Moun - tain sor - rel

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are '(Girl) Ha - ber - ban! (Boy) Chan - y chan! (Girl) Moun - tain sor - rel'.

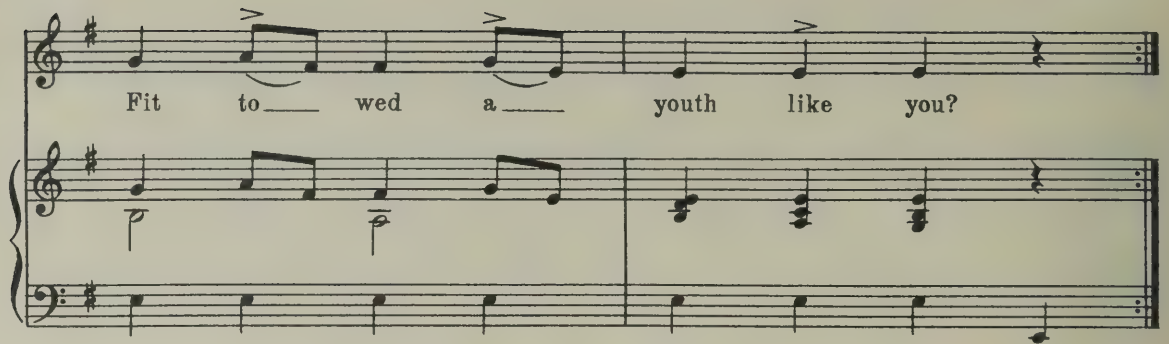
fresh with dew, Sweets I send and hon - ey new;

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'fresh with dew, Sweets I send and hon - ey new;'

Is a dain - ty maid like me

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Is a dain - ty maid like me'.





## Հ Ա Ր Ը Ր Բ Ա Ն

## Haberman

Սիրել եմ սէրն երեսին  
Անքառամ բերն երեսին  
Ով իմ սիրածն ինձ չտայ  
Աստղծու կեռն երեսին :

Սարի քրքրնջուկ քաղա,  
Մեղր ու շաքար քեզ մաղա,  
Ինձ պէս նագանի աղջիկ  
Քեզ պէս տղին ո՞նց սաղա :

Պըզտիկ աղջիկ համ ունիս,  
Չորեքդիմաց ծամ ունիս,  
Խունջիկ մունջիկ մի անի,  
Ինձ առնելու կամ ունիս :

Գութանըդ հոլա, հոլա,  
Գութանիդ տակը քոլա,  
Քանի գրծութիւն անես  
Քեզի առնողը տօլ ա :

Ձեր տան տակին վար կանեմ,  
Ձար ագռաւին քար կանեմ,  
Թող իմ սիրածն ինձի տան  
Գրծութիւնս բարկ կանեմ :

Ջուրը իր մամբով կերթայ,  
Ցողածը վարդի քերթ ա,  
Ինձ սիրող կտրին տըղէն  
Չագարի մէջ մի բերդ ա :

Բուսել ես պաղի միջին,  
Շամամի քաղի միջին,  
Գիշեր ցորեկ միալար  
Դու ես իմ խաղի միջին :

Աշուղի պէս խաղ ասա,  
Բըլբուլի պէս տաղ ասա,  
Ինչքան որ գովես արժեմ  
Իմ մօր գովական փեսայ :

*Haberman!*  
*Chan-y chan!*

I have loved your winsome face,  
And your never-fading grace.  
If they give you not to me,  
May God send them black disgrace.

Mountain sorrel, fresh with dew,  
Sweets I send and honey new;  
Is a dainty maid like me  
Fit to wed a youth like you?

You are arch, my little maid;  
In four plaits, your hair you braid,  
Make no more pretense to me,  
For you love me, I'm afraid!

Drive your plough ahead, and go;  
Underneath it thistles grow.  
You are reckless, young, and wild;  
She is mad would wed you so!

Near your house, a field I'll sow  
And I'll stone the ill-starred crow.  
When I have the girl I love  
I'll let all my folly go.

On its way the water flows,  
Washing with its waves the rose;  
My beloved, amidst the youths,  
Like a mighty fortress shows.

In the vineyard you have grown,  
Where the melon plants are sown;  
Day and night upon my lute,  
You and I sing, and you alone.

Sing a minstrel's song to me,  
Or the blackbird's rhapsody;  
All your praises I deserve,  
And my bridegroom you shall be!

*Translation by*  
*ZABELLE C. BOYAJIAN*

By permission. From "Armenian Legends and Poems" by Zabelle C. Boyajian, published  
by E. P. Dutton & Co.

English version by  
Alice Stone Blackwell

Arranged by  
A. T. Davison

*Andante con dolore*

Dawn of day once more has bro - ken; Snow falls

thick - ly, white as foam. Lo, the

horse comes with no rid - er - Ah, my

love has not come home!

## ԱՐՇԱԼՈՅԱՐ

Արշալոյսը նորէն բացուաւ  
Ամպ ու զամպէն ձիւն եկաւ  
Ալ ձիւն եկաւ անտէր ինկաւ  
Այս իմ եարբս տուն չեկաւ:

Լոյսը բացուաւ, դուռը բացուաւ  
Ալ ձիւն քսնաձիւն ներս եկաւ  
Սիրուն կրծքին վէրք ստացած  
Արիւն քաթալս ներս ինկաւ:

Այս սիրուն ձի, դու ինձ ասա,  
Որ տեղ քողմիր իմ եարբ,  
Որ ձորին մէջ, որ քարի տակ  
Անտէր քողմիր իմ եարբ:

Ամպեր եկան մութը պատեց,  
Մինակ նստած կուլամ ես,  
Սիրելիս կորած եարբս  
Սուգ ու շիւան կանեմ ես:

## Daybreak

Dawn of day once more has broken;  
Snow falls thickly, white as foam.  
Lo, the horse comes with no rider—  
Ah! my love has not come home!

Day has dawned; the door is opened;  
Wet and tired, fell in the steed;  
His kind breast wounded and gory,  
In the door he fell to bleed.

Steed beloved, haste to tell me  
Where you left my own true love,  
In what vale, lone and forsaken,  
With what frowning rock above?

Clouds have gathered; all is darkness;  
Here alone I sit and weep.  
I must mourn, grieving forever  
For my love in sorrow deep!

English version by  
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

## O MY LOVE, MY PLANE-TREE!

ARMENIA

Translation by  
Zabelle C. Boyajian

(Dance - Song)

Arranged by  
Gomidas Wardapet

*Allegretto con amabilità*

Up the sun rose like a dart;

O my love, my plane - tree! En - vy brought us

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34839



rage and smart, *Thou con - sol - est me!*

Death un - to the foe - man's son;

*O my - love, my - plane - tree!* E - vil filled his

mind and heart. *Thou con - sol - est me!*

*pp* *p*  
O my love, my plane - tree, O my love, my plane - tree,  
*pp*  
*ppp* *p*  
O my love, my plane - tree, All praise is ——— for thee.

## Ի Մ Չ Ի Ն Ա Ր Ի Ե Ա Ր Ը

Արեւ թըռվրոտվ ելաւ,  
 Իմ չինարի եարը,  
 Մեր բանը կըռռուով ելաւ.  
 Դարդիման եարը:  
 Թըշնամու որդին մեռնի,  
 Իմ չինարի եարը,  
 Իրա չար սըրտով ելաւ,

Դարդիման եարը:  
 Իմ չինարի եարը,  
 Իմ չինարի եարը,  
 Իմ չինարի եարը,  
 Գովական եարը:

Ճըրագը վառայ, վառայ,  
 Հօր հետ վատամարդ դառայ,  
 Մէր ու աղբէր թող արի,  
 Ես իմ սիրածին առայ:

Քարափի ծէրին կանչի,  
 Թող թըշնամին ամանչի.  
 Արեւի՛դ մեռնեմ, եա՛ր ջան,  
 Չինարի պէս կանանչի՛:

## O My Love, My Plane-Tree!

Up the sun rose like a dart;  
 O my love, my plane-tree!  
 Envy brought us rage and smart.  
 Thou consolest me!  
 Death unto the foeman's son;  
 O my love, my plane-tree!  
 Evil filled his mind and heart.  
 Thou consolest me!

O my love, my plane-tree,  
 O my love, my plane-tree,  
 O my love, my plane-tree,  
 All praise is for thee.

Light the candle, light the light;  
 I have fled my brother's sight.  
 Father, mother I have left;  
 With my love I took my flight.

From the mountains call to me;  
 Shamefaced, let the rival flee;  
 Sweet love, for thy sun I'd die;  
 Green my plane-tree ever be!

Translation by  
 ZABELLE C. BOYAJIAN

SONGS FROM SYRIA

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## ACROSS THE BRIDGE, O COME

SYRIA

Translation by  
Ameen RihaniArranged by  
Anis Fuleihan

Allegro moderato

A - cross the bridge, O come, Be - lov - ed, from thy home! Come

let us walk and dream; In the cool morn - ing roam. *The*

soft winds kiss her robe, Al - hobe, al - hobe, al - hobe! Why

has - ten, my ga - zelle, To Dum - mar's dis - tant cell? Be -

*mf* *cresc.* *ff* *p*

side this crys - tal spring, O — lis - ten to love's spell. The

soft winds kiss her robe, Al - hobe, al - hobe, al - hobe!

*ff*

*p*

## الدبكة

١

ويا جايي من الجسري	يا رايحه على الجسري
عالبارد قبل الشوب	قم يا حبيبي تسري
والهوا شق الثوب	هالهوب الهوب الهوب

٢

ويا جايي من دمر	يا رايحه على دمر
تحت ظل الثوب	قم يا حبيبي تخمر
والهوا شق الثوب	هالهوب الهوب الهوب

### Across the Bridge, O Come

Across the bridge, O come,  
Beloved, from thy home!  
Come let us walk and dream;  
In the cool morning roam.

*The soft winds kiss her robe,  
Al-hobe, al-hobe, al-hobe!*

Why hasten, my gazelle,  
To Dummar's\* distant cell?  
Beside this crystal spring,  
O listen to love's spell.

\*Dummar—a Convent.

Translation by  
AMEEN RIHANI

Translation by  
Kahlil Gibran

Arranged by  
Anis Fuleihan

*Andante con moto*

O Moth - er mine, spread me the silk - en sheet, And  
love - sick am I, and flames of love con - sume me. And

1.  
let me lie down and cov - er me with rose leaves. For  
If I die to - mor - row,

2.  
Moth - er, I be - seech you Call round me my com - rades, the  
O Moth - er mine

*pp*



daugh - ters of love, — And o - ver my bier let them  
yes - ter - - day — our se - cret was our own; — To -

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "daugh - ters of love, — And o - ver my bier let them yes - ter - - day — our se - cret was our own; — To -".

1. sing — me my dirge. 2. day who does not know it? My

*rit.* *a tempo*

The second system of the musical score. It includes a first ending (marked "1.") and a second ending (marked "2."). The lyrics are: "sing — me my dirge. day who does not know it? My". The piano part includes tempo markings: "rit." (ritardando) and "a tempo".

love has gone far, — And  
you de - ny me pa - per, I'll write on wings of birds; And

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "love has gone far, — And you de - ny me pa - per, I'll write on wings of birds; And".

1. now I would write to him. — If  
if ink you de - ny me, — I'll

The fourth system of the musical score. It includes a first ending (marked "1."). The lyrics are: "now I would write to him. — If if ink you de - ny me, — I'll".

2.

write with my heart's blood!

*rit.*

8

*a tempo*

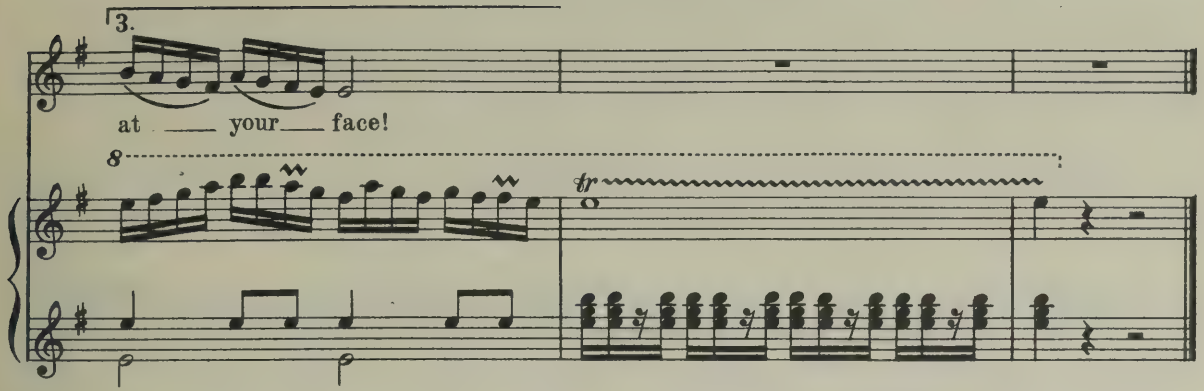
you, who are climb - ing the moun - tain, — A  
In truth I am — not thirst - y, — But  
And it may be — the wind will lift your scarf And

8

1. & 2.

drink will you not give me from the hol - low of your hand?  
I — would have — a — word — with — you; —  
let — me look full —

8



## موليا

يا امي افرشي لي الحرير بالورد غطيني      انا قتيل الهوا      وناره بتكونيني  
وان مت في حيكم      بالله تنادوني      وجيوا بنات الهوى      تندب حوالي

يا امي حبيبي رحل ان شالله يعود بالخير      والسر ما بيننا      واليوم صار للغير  
وان كان ما في ورق لاكتب عاجانج الطير      وان كان ما في حبر      من دم عيني

يا طالع عالجل      واسقيني براحاتك      ماني بشان العطش      قصدي محاكاتك  
والله نسمة هوا      وتميل لثامتك      ويبان وجه لك      وانظر بعيني

## O Mother Mine

O Mother mine, spread me the silken sheet,  
And let me lie down and cover me with rose leaves.

For love-sick am I, and flames of love consume me.  
And if I die tomorrow, Mother, I beseech you

Call round me my comrades, the daughters of love,  
And over my bier let them sing me my dirge.

O Mother mine, yesterday our secret was our own;  
Today who does not know it?

My love has gone far,  
And now I would write to him.

If you deny me paper, I'll write on wings of birds;  
And if ink you deny me, I'll write with my heart's blood!

O you, who are climbing the mountain,  
A drink will you not give me from the hollow of your hand?

In truth, I am not thirsty,  
But I would have a word with you;

And it may be the wind will lift your scarf  
And let me look full at your face!

Translation by  
KAHLIL GIBRAN



## INDIAN TAFFETA

SYRIA

Translation by  
Ameen RihaniArranged by  
Anis Fuliehan

Allegretto

Taf - ta Hin - di, taf - ta Hin - di, Chif - fon, silk and

sat - in rare! O - pen for me, O young maid - en,

My heart's pin - ing for the fair. O - pen for me,

O young maid - en, My heart's pin - ing for the fair.

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is in a single staff with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a simple harmonic accompaniment.

The

*mf* *p*

This system begins with a piano introduction. The vocal staff has a whole rest. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand with trills and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. Dynamics *mf* and *p* are indicated.

fair young maid, who heard me call - ing, Came re - spond - ing

*dolce*

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody continues with a slight rise. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand with trills and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The dynamic *dolce* is indicated.

with a smile; And quick - ly o - pened, sweet - ly say - ing,

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The vocal melody continues with a slight rise. The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand with trills and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

"En - ter, please, and rest a - while." And quick - ly o - pened,  
 sweet - ly say - ing, "En - ter, please, and rest a - while."  
*dolciss.*  
*rit.*  
*a tempo*  
*pp*

## تفتا هندي

تفتا هندي      تفتا هندي      شاش حرير      يا بنات  
 افتحي لي      يا صبيه      قلبي مولع      بالبنات  
 الصبيه      سمعتني      وباسه لي      هي جات  
 فتحت لي      وقالت لي      خش وبات      خش وبات

### Indian Taffeta

Tafta Hindi, tafta Hindi,  
 Chiffon, silk and satin rare!  
 Open for me, O young maiden,  
 My heart's pining for the fair.

The fair young maid, who heard me calling,  
 Came responding with a smile:  
 And quickly opened, sweetly saying,  
 "Enter, please, and rest awhile."

\*Indian Taffeta.

Translation by  
 AMEEN BIHANI



Translation by  
Ameen Rihani

Arranged by  
Anis Fuleihan

*Moderato quasi andante*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato quasi andante'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern of chords, with the word 'simile' written above the piano staff in the first system. The lyrics are: 'My day is bit - ter; bit - ter is my day; Bit - ter my cup and bit - ter, too, my lay; But in my heart, O sweet ca - lam - i - ty, A tray of sweet - meats for thee I dis -'.

My day is bit - ter; bit - ter is my day;

*simile*

Bit - ter my cup and bit - ter, too, my lay;

But in my heart, O sweet ca - lam - i - ty,

A tray of sweet - meats for thee I dis -

1. to 4.

play. —

*p*

*cantabile*  
*mf*

*espress. e sonore*

Last ending

With pa - ra - play. —

*f*

*pp*

## مرمر زماني

مرمر زماني وما سقاني مرم  
مرمر زماني يا زماني مرم  
مرمر زماني يا ابن الحرام تمر  
مرمر زماني يا امي ان  
شوف الحليوه حامله الشميه  
دخلك يا امي ان  
يا رايحه للبستان خذيني معاك  
ان كان ابوك ماعطاني اياك  
راحت للصايغ قالتو يا خالي  
قال لها الصايغ يا حلوه تعالي  
قيس يا قيس لا تحاكيها  
وان كان يا قيس ما بتصلها  
عنديك اساور من ذهب الغالي  
ايش ما طلبت من الدكان يحضر  
هذي البنيه والجهل عاميها  
لادعي على \* قلوستك تكسر

### My Day Is Bitter

*\*My day is bitter; bitter is my day;  
Bitter my cup and bitter, too, my lay;  
But in my heart, O sweet calamity,  
A tray of sweetmeats for thee I display.*

With parasol in hand, behold her passing.  
Her brow, the dawn; her cheek, the rose, surpassing.  
O mother, if I win her not, amassing  
The gifts of love, e'en Antar I'll surprise.

O thou who goest early to the garden,  
Thy heart to love's appeal, O do not harden!  
A word, a smile, a glance, a moment, pardon  
The victim of the arrows of thine eyes.

O take me with thee, fair one; Allah guide thee!  
Thy basket I will bear and walk beside thee;  
And if thy father will not let me bride thee,  
I'll startle e'en the foolish and the wise.

She sought the jeweler's shop her gold to squander,  
"I want a ring that will make mortals wonder."  
The jeweler said, "My heart is thine to plunder  
And thine the jewels too, that I most prize."

O monk, be thou indulgent; do not blame her;  
She's young and fair, and love has come to tame her.  
O monk, if thou'lt not marry and proclaim her  
My bride, I'll tear thy cowl and priestly guise.

*Translation by  
AMEEN RIHANI*

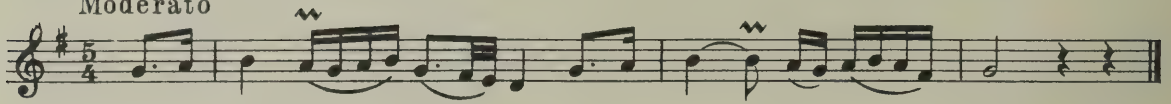
\* This stanza is repeated after each of the succeeding stanzas.



## I WANDERED AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

Translation by  
Kahlil Gibran

Moderato



*This melody should be sung freely, adapting the note values to the demands of the verse, in the manner of a chant.*

## سأل دمعِي

١  
واطلعت راس الجبل فتش على طيري      والقيث طيري يا امي      في قفص غيري  
خشخت لو بالذهب قلت لو يا طيري      قال لي زمانك مضى      فتش على غيري

٢  
قالوا حبيبك مخن      والفد راح يموت      وانزلت سون الخشب      وصي على تابوت  
وسكره من ذهب ومفتاحها      ياقوت      واستجبت الملكة      شخصين في تابوت

٣  
لا بس قميص الشعر اسود على حله      بينوك الحسم لا      يرحم ابو الحله  
لا روح لريس ديرو وبحيلو      وبقله      شوفه من الحبيب      بتسوى ديركم كله

٤  
من هو الذي ما عشق      من هو الذي ما حب      من هو الذي ما مشى      في وسط قلبه الرب  
شوفوا رمان الساتين      متلان حب      حتى ينجوم السما      من بعضها      بتنحب

٥  
يا قلب حاجي بكى      يا قلب وسليهم      هم سلوك يا قلب      وروح وسليهم  
وان كن      يا قلب عندك قصد      تسليهم      لاشلعلك من صديري      كرامة      بعينهم

٦  
يا اسمر السمر يا ما      عيروني فيك      وكلما عيروني      زاد غرامي فيك  
انت الورد عالطبق      وانا الندى بسقيك      وانت قميص الملس      وانا الهوى برميك  
وانت الثريا      وانا الميزان      سايق فيك      وانت القم      بالسما      وانا النجوم برعيك

## I Wandered Among the Mountains

I wandered among the mountains searching for my lark,  
And I found him, but alas! in another maiden's cage.  
With the tinkling of gold I sought to allure him into my cage;  
But he sang and said, "Go your way. Your day is forever by!"

They said to me, "Your love is ill and wasted, and tomorrow he will die."  
Then to a carpenter I went and ordered a coffin  
Whose lock is of gold, and whose key of a ruby carved;  
And tomorrow, how astonished the kingdom will be  
When they behold two youths in but a single coffin!

My love now wears a black shirt woven of hair,  
 Like thorns it wounds his skin.  
 Luckless may the weaver be;  
 And restless, the dyer!  
 Some day I shall seek the head of that monastery  
 And plead for my love;  
 Then I shall tell him that one glimpse of love  
 Is holier than all monasteries.

Who among you has not loved?  
 In what heart does God not walk?  
 See how close are the pomegranate seeds;  
 And behold the stars how near and loving!

Be quiet, my heart, and weep no more.  
 He has forgotten you;  
 Forget him too. But should you forget him,  
 Then will I tear you out of my bosom!

O dark one, how often have I been blamed for your sake;  
 And each time I am blamed, my love grows stronger.  
 You are the rose, and I, the dew that refreshes you;  
 You are the silken garments and I, the wind that moves you;  
 You are the Pleiades, and I, Orion, following you;  
 You are the moon, and I, the stars that watch over you.

*Translation by*  
 KAHLIL GIBRAN

## SYRIA

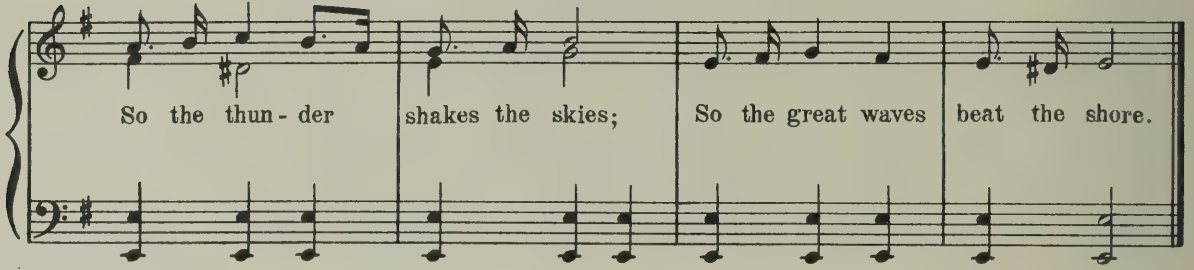
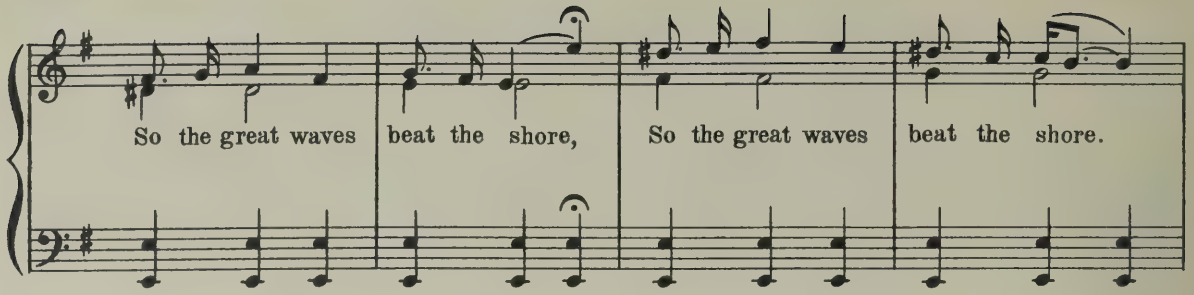
## HEARKEN TO THE JUBILEE

English version by  
 Alice Stone Blackwell

*Maestoso*

Hear - en to the ju - bi - lee! Sounds of joy ring

o'er and o'er. So the thun - der shakes the skies;



## الترنيمه الثلاث المئه والرابعة عشرة

١  
صوت يوبيل اسمعوا    انه صوت السرور  
كرعود الجو او    لبحج فوق الصخور

٢  
هللويا ربنا    ذو اقتدار سيود  
ليرن الصوت في    كل اقطار الوجود

٣  
هللويا فاسمعوا    بلغ الصوت العلى  
صوت العان السما    للاراضي قد ملا

### Hearken to the Jubilee

Hearken to the jubilee!  
Sounds of joy ring o'er and o'er.  
So the thunder shakes the skies;  
So the great waves beat the shore.

Hallelujah! God is great!  
Strong is He, and He shall reign.  
Let the sound ring o'er the earth,  
Over mountain, sea and plain!

Hallelujah! List, the song  
Thrills the highest ether blue!  
Now the heavenly music's voice  
Fills the whole world, through and through!

English version by  
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL



## CHRISTMAS CHANT

Translation by  
Archbishop Germanos

From the Byzantine Orthodox Church  
service, as sung by His Grace,  
Archbishop Germanos of Baalbek

Lento

Thy na - tiv - i - ty, O Christ, our God,

Hath a - ris - en up - on the world As the

light of wis - dom; For at it they who wor -

shipped the stars Were taught to a - dore.

Thee, ——— The Son of right - eous - ness,

And to know Thee, The O - ri - ent from on — high.

O Lord, glo - ry to Thee! Glo - ry to

Thee who hath shown us the light! — Glo - ry be to God

on high, And on earth peace, good -

- will to - wards men.

ميلادك ايها المسيح هنا      قد اطلع نور المعرفة للعالم  
 لان الساجدين للكواكب      به تعلموا من الكواكب السجود  
 لك يا شمس العدل      وان يعرفوك انك من مشارق العلو  
 انت يارب المجد

### Christmas Chant

Thy nativity, O Christ, our God,  
 Hath arisen upon the world  
 As the light of wisdom;  
 For at it they who worshipped the stars  
 Were taught to adore Thee,  
 The Son of righteousness,  
 And to know Thee,  
 The Orient from on high.  
 O Lord, glory to Thee!

Glory to Thee who hath shown us the light!  
 Glory be to God on high,  
 And on earth peace, good-will towards men.

*Translation by*  
 ARCHBISHOP GERMANOS

## THREE MAIDEN LOVERS

SYRIA

Translation by  
Kahlil GibranArranged by  
Anis Fuliehan

*Moderato*

Three maid - en lov - ers stood by the

wine - press. One longed si - lent - ly for

her lov - er, who was dis - tant.

## ميجانا

١ شفت ثلاث بنات حول المعصره والاولي على فراق حبا محصره  
والثانية بتقول الدعوي ميسره والثالثة بتقول لربي انا

٢ شفلت الرفيعة بالمسا تقطف ذري والهوا يشعرا بيتبخترا  
معتز ومسكين يا لمالك مرا نبذك الحصرم وخبزك زيوانا

٣ حملت الارطل وراحت عالسيق برمت الضيعة وما لقيت رفيق  
رميت الارطل وقالت للحريق ولهبتك بخور تلحق ربنا



## Three Maiden Lovers

Three maiden lovers stood by the wine-press.  
One longed silently for her lover, who was distant

The second one said, "All will be well."  
"Ah well," said the third, "but is not love God?"

Yester-eve she was reaping with me in the corn,  
And in her hair the wind played gaily.

O ye poor, pitiful, mate-less things!  
Your bread is but thistles and sour grapes, your wine!

My love took her basket to gather the herbs,  
And all through the village she sought her mate for a companion;

And finding him not, she threw down her basket and said,  
"Burn thou up, and let thy flames rise, a sacrifice to God!"

*Translation by*  
KAHLIL GIBRAN

## SYRIA

## WELCOME SONG

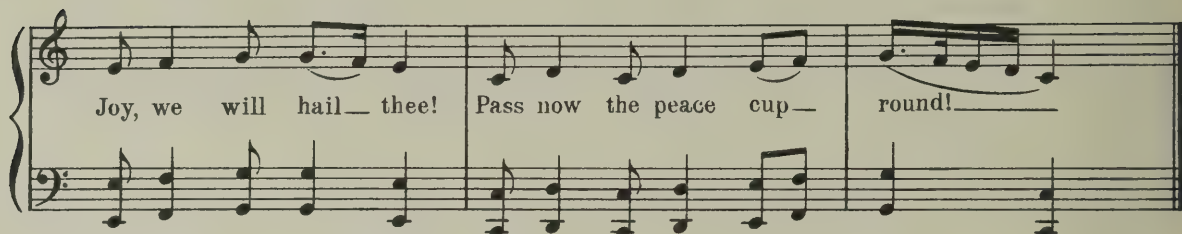
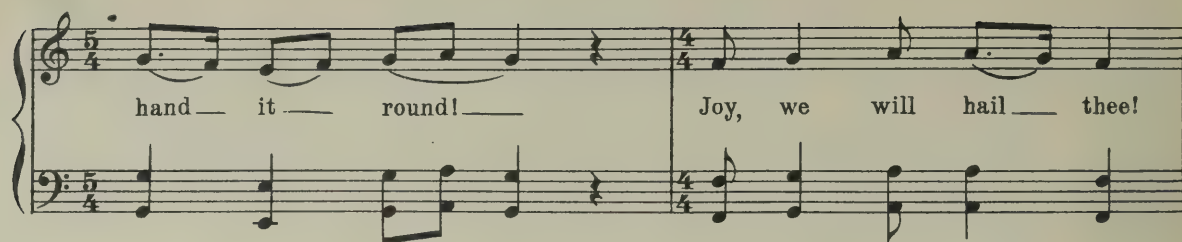
English version by  
Alice Stone Blackwell

*Con moto*

Thou art wel - come, O guest! A - man!

Past now are grief and woe. Joy, we will hail thee!

Joy, we will hail thee! Lords, pass the peace cup,



## اهلا بمن قد زار

١  
اهلا بمن قد زار والويل عنا  
فالتعس يرحلو السعدا قبل كاس الصفا قد دار  
يا اسياد

٢  
هيا بنا يا صاح نشدو بذى الافراح  
في كل يوم شكرا لقوم منهم بدا الاصلاح  
يا اسياد

٣  
بعودكم قد عاد يا ايها الاسباد  
عاد السرور تم الجبور وحلت الاسعاد  
يا اسياد

## Welcome Song

Thou art welcome, O guest! Aman!  
Past now are grief and woe.  
Joy, we will hail thee! Joy, we will hail thee!  
Lords, pass the peace cup, hand it round!  
Joy, we will hail thee! Joy, we will hail thee!  
Pass now the peace cup round!  
Come now, comrades, O come! Aman!  
Let us all sing these joys!  
Thanks to the people! Daily we'll thank them!  
Through them came freedom; theirs, the praise!  
Thanks to the people! Daily we'll thank them!  
Through them came freedom sweet!  
Your returning, O guests! Aman!  
Has brought back happiness!  
Joy now is with us; joy now is with us;  
Hail to good fortune, hail all hail!  
Joy now is with us; joy now is with us;  
Hail to good fortune, hail!

English version by  
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

SONGS FROM PALESTINE

JEWISH SONGS

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## AT THE COZY HEARTH

JEWISH

Translation by  
Elias LiebermanAir by M. Warshavsky  
Arranged by  
Ethel Silberman

Andante

*p*

At the co - zy hearth

plays a mer-ry blaze Which the cold can't get,

*mf*

While the Rab - bi chants with lit - tle boys and girls

*mf*

*p*

1. The al - pha - bet, 2. The al - pha - bet

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble and bass staff for the piano, followed by a single treble staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the piano introduction with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic, followed by the voice entry on the word 'At' with a piano (p) dynamic. The second system continues the piano accompaniment and the voice line. The third system features the piano accompaniment and the voice line. The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment and the voice line, which includes a first and second ending. The piano part includes various dynamics such as mf and p, and the voice part includes lyrics in English.



Stu - dy, lit - tle ones; Learn your al - pha - bet;

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A and B, a quarter note C with a sharp, and a quarter note D. The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic support with chords and single notes in both hands.

Learn it pa - tient - ly;

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a quarter note E, a quarter note F with a sharp, and a half note G. The piano accompaniment includes a crescendo leading into a sustained chord in the right hand and a melodic line in the left hand.

Let me hear you say the les - son once a - gain

The third system features a more active vocal melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

*p* That you learned from me.

The final system concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with a half note G. The piano accompaniment features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a final sustained chord in the right hand with a melodic flourish in the left hand.

## אויפ'ן פריפעטשאַק

אויפ'ן פריפעטשאַק ברענט א פייערעל  
און אין שטוב אין היים  
און דער רבי לעהרענט קליינע קינדערלעך  
דעם אלף בית.

זעהט'זשע קינדערלעך, געדענקט'זשע טייערע,  
וואָס איהר לעהרענט דאָ,  
זאָגט'זשע נאָך אַמאָל און טאַקע נאָך אַמאָל  
קמץ אלף אָ.

לעהרענט קינדער מיט גרויס חשק—  
אַזוי זאָג איך אייך אָן.  
ווער ס'וועט ניכער פון אייך קענען עברי  
דער בעקומט אַ פּאָהן.

לעהרענט קינדער, האָט ניט מורא,  
יעדער אָנהויב אין שווער,  
גליקליך דער וואָס האָט געלעהרענט תורה,  
צו דאָרף דער מענטש נאָך מעהר ?

אַז איהר וועט קינדער עלטער ווערען  
וועט איהר אליין פערשטעהן,  
וויפיעל אין די אותיות ליגען טרערען  
און וויפיעל געוויין.

## At The Cozy Hearth

At the cozy hearth plays a merry blaze  
Which the cold can't get ;  
While the Rabbi chants with little boys and girls  
The alphabet.

*Study, little ones;  
Learn your alphabet;  
Learn it patiently;  
Let me hear you say the lesson once again  
That you learned from me.*

Con your lesson well, boys and girls of mine,  
Do not shirk or lag ;  
He who learns to read his Hebrew Prayer Book  
Gets a little flag.

Con your lessons well, though the start be hard ;  
This is sacred lore.  
Blest is he who knows the Holy Book of God ;  
Need a Jew know more ?

As you older grow, little boys and girls,  
You will learn full well  
All the tears they cost and all the woe they brought  
Patient Israel.

*Translation by  
ELIAS LIEBERMAN*

Translation by  
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by  
Henry Lefkowitz

*Andante*

Ah the world asks

vex-ing ques-tions, Tra-la-tra-di-ri-de-rom; -rom;

We re-spond, tra-di-ri-di-rei-lom, Oy, oy;

tra-di-ri-de-rom; And if we please we on-ly mur-mur,

*f espress.*

Trai - dim. Ah, still haunt us the

*pp*

old, old ques-tions, Tra-la-tra-di-ri-de-rom. rom.

*molto lento*

*rit. molto*

### די אלטע קשיה

פרעגט די וועלט אן אלטע קשיה  
 טראלע, טראדירידערלעך.  
 ענטפערט מען טראדירידערעילעך  
 אוי, אוי, טראדירידערלעך,  
 און אז מען וויל קען מען דאך זאגען טראידיים  
 בלייבט דאך ווייטער די אלטע קשיה  
 טראלע-טראדירידערלעך.

### The Old, Old Questions

Ah, the world asks vexing questions, ]<sub>2</sub>  
 Tra-la-tra-di-ri-de-rom;  
 We respond, Tra-di-ri-di-rei-lom,  
 Oy, oy; tra-di-ri-de-rom;  
 And if we please  
 We only murmur, Trai-dim.  
 Ah, still haunt us the old, old questions, ]<sub>2</sub>  
 Tra-la-tra-di-ri-de-rom.

Translation by  
 ELIAS LIEBERMAN



English version by  
B. H.

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is marked 'Andante' and features a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in G major, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are 'O E - li - jah, pro - phet great!'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The second system continues the melody with the lyrics 'O E - li - jah, the Tish - bite! O E - li - jah,'. The third system concludes with the lyrics 'O E - li - jah, O E - li - jah, the Gil - ead - ite!' and is marked '1. Fine'. The fourth system is marked '2.' and begins with the lyrics 'Gil - ead - ite! Speed - i - ly in our own day, Speed - i -'. The tempo changes to 'Speed - i - ly' in the fourth system. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes throughout.

O E - li - jah, pro - phet great!

O E - li - jah, the Tish - bite! O E - li - jah,

O E - li - jah, O E - li - jah, the Gil - ead - ite! 1. Fine

2. Gil - ead - ite! Speed - i - ly in our own day, Speed - i -

ly in our own day, O may he come to  
us. With Mes - si - ah, Dav - id's son!

*D. C. al Fine*

### אֵלִיהוּ הַנָּבִיא (ניגון יחודי)

אֵלִיהוּ הַנָּבִיא,  
אֵלִיהוּ הַתְּשַׁבִּי  
אֵלִיהוּ, אֵלִיהוּ,  
אֵלִיהוּ הַנִּלְעָדִי.  
בְּמַהֲרָה בְּיָמֵינוּ,  
בְּמַהֲרָה בְּיָמֵינוּ,  
יָבוֹא אֵלֵינוּ  
עִם מֹשֶׁה בֶּן דָּוִד.

### Elijah the Prophet

O Elijah, prophet great!  
O Elijah, the Tishbite!  
O Elijah, O Elijah,  
O Elijah, the Gileadite!

Speedily in our own day,  
Speedily in our own day,  
O may he come to us  
With Messiah, David's son!

*English version by*  
B. H.

Translation by  
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by  
Henry Lefkowitz

*Allegro moderato* *mf*

Keep on whirl-ing, In

*f* *mf*

cir- cling fig- ures twirl-ing. God has made me proud and great;

Fortune brought He, O, my happy fate! Revel, children, and dance till late, For my

young-est one is wed- ded, For my young-est one is wed- ded!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato'. The first system shows the vocal line starting with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, and then a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment starts with a fortissimo (f) dynamic, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'Keep on whirl-ing, In'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The third system introduces the lyrics 'cir- cling fig- ures twirl-ing. God has made me proud and great;'. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures. The fourth system contains the lyrics 'Fortune brought He, O, my happy fate! Revel, children, and dance till late, For my'. The piano accompaniment includes a melodic line in the right hand and a sustained bass line. The fifth system concludes with the lyrics 'young-est one is wed- ded, For my young-est one is wed- ded!'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a double bar line.

## די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען (פאלקס-ליעד)

העכער, בעסער,  
די ראָד, די ראָד, מאַכט גרעסער  
גרויס האָט מיר גאָט געמאַכט  
גליק האָט ער מיר געבראַכט.  
הוילעט קינדער אַ גאַנצע נאַכט:  
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען  
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען.

שטאַרקער, פריילאך  
דו די מלכה, איך דער מלך  
אוי, אוי, איך אליין  
האָב מיט מיינע אויגען געזעהן  
ווי גאָט האָט מיר מצליח געווען  
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען,  
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען.

אייזיק מוּיק  
די באבע געהט אַ קאָזיק  
אַהן עין הרע, זעהט גאָר, זעהט  
ווי זי טופעט ווי זי טרעט,  
אוי אַ שמחה, אוי אַ פרייד  
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען  
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען.

## My Youngest One Is Wedded

Keep on whirling,  
In circling figures twirling.  
God has made me proud and great;  
Fortune brought He, O, my happy fate!  
Revel, children, and dance till late,  
For my youngest one is wedded,  
For my youngest one is wedded!

Join the ring, dear;  
Tonight we're queen and king, dear,  
O, O even I  
Know the grace of Him on high;  
He has raised my soul to the sky,  
For my youngest one is wedded,  
For my youngest one is wedded!

Isaac dances;  
And grandma hops and prances;  
Goodness gracious, watch and see  
How she capers merrily!  
O, what happiness, what glee!  
For my youngest one is wedded,  
For my youngest one is wedded!

*Translation by*  
ELIAS LIEBERMAN



# TEN BROTHERS

157  
JEWISH

Paraphrase by  
Babette Deutsch

Arranged by  
M. Persin

*Moderato*

Ten broth - ers were we al - to - geth - er,

And the trade we plied was in wine. One of us, a -

las, he died; We were on - ly nine. *mf* Oy. *mf*

*p più mosso* Schmer'l take your fid - dle out; Tev - ye, your bas -

*p più mosso*

soon. Com - rades, come in - to the street And

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) consists of a right hand with a half note G3, a half note F3, and a half note E3, and a left hand with a half note G2, a half note F2, and a half note E2.

play for me a tune. Oy, — oy, — oy,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, a half note A4, a half note B4, a half note C5, a half note B4, a half note A4, and a half note G4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) consists of a right hand with a half note G3, a half note F3, and a half note E3, and a left hand with a half note G2, a half note F2, and a half note E2.

oy, — oy, — oy! Com - rades, come in -

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, a half note A4, a half note B4, a half note C5, a half note B4, a half note A4, and a half note G4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) consists of a right hand with a half note G3, a half note F3, and a half note E3, and a left hand with a half note G2, a half note F2, and a half note E2.

to the street And play for me a tune.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, a half note A4, a half note B4, a half note C5, a half note B4, a half note A4, and a half note G4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) consists of a right hand with a half note G3, a half note F3, and a half note E3, and a left hand with a half note G2, a half note F2, and a half note E2.

## Ten Brothers

Ten brothers were we altogether,  
And the trade we plied was in wine.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only nine.

*Oy, Schmer'l take your fiddle out,  
Tevye, your bassoon;  
Comrades, come into the street  
And play for me a tune.  
Oy—oy—oy—oy—oy—oy!  
Comrades, come into the street  
And play for me a tune.*

Nine brothers were we altogether,  
And the trade we plied was in freight.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only eight.

Eight brothers were we altogether,  
And the trade we plied was in leaven.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only seven.

Seven brothers were we altogether,  
And the trade we plied was in bricks.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only six.

Six brothers were we altogether,  
Trading in sweets from the hive.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only five.

Five brothers were we altogether,  
And we plied our trade in our store.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only four.

Four brothers were we altogether,  
And the trade we plied was in tea.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only three.

Three brothers were we altogether,  
And the trade we plied was in glue.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
We were only two.

Two brothers were we altogether,  
And we plied our trade with a gun.  
One of us, alas, he died;  
Now there is but one.

One brother only now remaining,  
Sitting all alone in the sun.  
He is dying night and day:  
Soon there will be none.

## צעקן ברידער

צעקן ברידער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט לייך;  
איינער איז געשטארבען,  
איז געבליבען ניין.

אי! שמערל מיט דער פידעלע,  
טביה מיט'ן באס,  
שפיעלט זשע מיר א ליערעלע  
אויפ'ן מיטען נאס!  
אי—אי—אי—אי—אי—אי,  
שפיעלט זשע מיר א ליערעלע  
אויפ'ן מיטען נאס!

ניין ברידער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט פראכט,  
איינער איז געשטארבען,  
איז געבליבען אכט.

אכט ברידער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט ריבען,  
איינער איז געשטארבען,  
איז געבליבען זיבען.

זיבען ברידער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט ג'בעקס,  
איינער איז געשטארבען,  
איז געבליבען זעקס.

זעקס ברידער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט שטרימף,  
איינער איז געשטארבען,  
איז געבליבען פינף.

פינף ברידער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט ביער,  
איינער איז געשטארבען,  
איז געבליבען פיער.

פיער ברידער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט בליי,  
איינער איז געשטארבען,  
איז געבליבען דריי.

דריי ברידער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט היי,  
איינער איז געשטארבען,  
איז געבליבען צוויי.

צוויי ברידער זיינען מיר געוועזען,  
האבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט ביינער,  
איינער איז געשטארבען,  
איז געבליבען איינער.

אין ברודער בין איך מיר געוועזען,  
האב איך געהאנדעלט מיט ליכט,  
שטארבען טהו איך יעדען טאג,  
ווייל עסען האב איך נישט.

Paraphrase by  
BABETTE DEUTSCH

## A TALMUDICAL STUDENT'S LAMENT

JEWISH

Translation by  
Elias Lieberman

Recorded and arranged by  
N. L. Saslavsky

*Andante*

*mp*

*ten.*

What is  
And my

*ten.*

it the rain-dirge tells me? What is it the rain keeps call - ing, As a -  
boots need mend - ing sore - ly; Through the cracks the mud keeps seep - ing, Win - ter

cross the cloud - ed win - dow Drops like hu - man tears keep fall - ing?  
comes, and what will warm me When the fri - gid winds come leap - ing?



What is it the can-dle tells me As it wags its flame com-plain-ing?  
Tal-low drips a-long the ed-ges; Noth-ing soon will be re-main-ing.

*ff* *p*

Thus I droop with-in my pris-on Like a can-dle-wan-ing

mourn-er, Dream-ing dreams un-til I per-ish In some qui-et East-ern

cor-ner.

## A Talmudical Student's Lament

What is it the rain-dirge tells me?  
 What is it the rain keeps calling,  
 As across the clouded window  
 Drops like human tears keep falling?  
 And my boots need mending sorely,  
 Through the cracks the mud keeps seeping;  
 Winter comes, and what will warm me  
 When the frigid winds come leaping?

What is it the candle tells me  
 As it wags its flame complaining?  
 Tallow drips along the edges;  
 Nothing soon will be remaining.  
 Thus I droop within my prison  
 Like a candle-waning mourner,  
 Dreaming dreams until I perish  
 In some quiet Eastern corner.

What is it the time-piece tells me?  
 What is it the clock rehearses,  
 With its mocking yellow dial,  
 With its beat like muttered curses?  
 It is but a helpless dullard;  
 Neither life has it nor powers;  
 It must strike to show the passing.  
 Of its lords and mine, the hours.

What is it my reason tells me?  
 What is it my life keeps dooming?  
 Dawn will turn to shadowed twilight;  
 I must fade before my blooming.  
 Stranger-tables, tears of anguish,  
 Sleep upon the boards of sorrow!  
 I must lose the joys of this world,  
 Waiting for the world to-morrow.

Translation by  
 ELIAS LIEBERMAN

## מאי קא משמע-לן ?

(א מאנאלאג פון א ישיבה-בחור)

מאי קא משמע-לן דער רענען ?  
 וואס'זשע לאזט ער מיר צו הערען ?  
 זיינע טראפענס אויף די שוויבען  
 קויקלען זיך ווי די טריעבע טרעהרען  
 און די שטיוועל איז צוריסען,  
 און עס ווערט אין גאס א בלאטע;  
 באלד וועט אויך דער ווינטער קומען  
 כ'האב קיין ווארעמע קאפאטע...

מאי קא משמע-לן דאס ליכטעל ?  
 וואס'זשע לאזט עס מיר צו הערען ?  
 ס'קאפעט און עס טריפט איהר חלב  
 און ס'וועט באלד פון איהר נישט ווערען;  
 אזוי צאנק איך דא אין קלייזעל,  
 ווי א ליכטעל, שוואך און טינקעל,  
 ביז איך וועל אזוי מיר אויסנעהן,  
 אין דער שטיל, אין מזרח ווינקעל...

מאי קא משמע-לן דער זיינער ?  
 וואס'זשע לאזט ער מיר צו הערען ?  
 מיט זיין געלבען ציפער-בלעטעל,  
 מיט זיין קלינגען מיט זיין שווערען ?  
 ס'איז איין אָנגעשטעלטע כלי,  
 ס'האט קיין לעבען קיין געפיהלען  
 קומט די שעה: דאן מוז ער שלאָנען,  
 אָהן זיין רצון, אָהן זיין ווילען...

מאי קא משמע-לן מיין לעבען ?  
 וואס'זשע לאזט עס מיר צו הערען ?  
 שוילען, וועלקען אין דער יונגער,  
 פאר דער צייט פערעלטערט ווערען.  
 „עסען טעג“ און שלינגען טרערען  
 שלאָפען אויפ'ן פויסט דעם הארטען  
 טויטען דא די „עולם הזה“  
 און אויף עולם הבא ווארטען...

פון אברהם רייזן.

Translation by  
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by  
M. Greenwald

*Presto*

*mf* I was not asked to come, But came un - bid - den;

Why should pov - er - ty Then keep me hid - den?

*f* Low - ly though they be, Low - ly though they be,

Let us not de - ny our own Be - cause of pov - er - ty.

## JEWISH

## The Uninvited Aunt

I was not asked to come,  
But came unbidden;  
Why should poverty  
Then keep me hidden?

*Lowly though they be,  
Lowly though they be,  
Let us not deny our own  
Because of poverty.*

Sorele, the Rabbi's wife,  
'Twill not be hidden,  
Though the bride's own aunt  
She came unbidden.

Strike up a dance for me;  
This is my party;  
For though I am poor  
Yet am I hearty.

Come, fiddlers, take the coin  
That I can spare;  
Play the bride's own aunt  
A merry air.

*Translation by  
ELIAS LIEBERMAN*

## ניט קיין געבעטענע

(פאלקס-ליעד)

ניט קיין געבעטענע,  
אליין געקומען;  
כאטש אן ארימע,  
פארט א מוהמע.

ארעם איז ניט גוט,  
ארעם איז ניט גוט,  
לאמיר זיך ניט שעהמען,  
מיט אייגענע בלוט.

שרה'לע די רביצין,  
די כלה'ס א מוהמע;  
ניט קיין געבעטענע,  
אליין געקומען.

שפיעלט מיר א סעמעלע,  
ניט קיין קאזאצקע;  
איד בין אן ארעמע,  
אבער א חוואטסקע.

גענעבען א פיימעלע —  
צוגענומען;  
שפיעלט מיר א סעמעלע,  
פאר א מוהמען.

## A TEAMSTER'S COMPLAINT

JEWISH

Translation by  
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by  
N. L. Saslavsky

Moderato



Would I be a rab - bi, My lore would not bear tell - ing;

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal melody line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a double bar line and repeat dots. The lyrics are: "Would I be a rab - bi, My lore would not bear tell - ing;"

Would I be a mer - chant, My stock is not worth sell - ing;

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Would I be a mer - chant, My stock is not worth sell - ing;"

And I have no hay at all, And I have no oats at all;

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "And I have no hay at all, And I have no oats at all;"

*And my wife is nag - ging; Not a drop - I've had to drink.*

The fourth system of the musical score. It concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "And my wife is nag - ging; Not a drop - I've had to drink."

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Verses 1 and 2.

When I see a stone, I sit me down and moan.

Last verse

sit me down and moan.

### A Teamster's Complaint

Would I be a rabbi,  
My lore would not bear telling;  
Would I be a merchant,  
My stock is not worth selling;  
And I have no hay at all,  
And I have no oats at all;

*And my wife is nagging;  
Not a drop I've had to drink.  
When I see a stone,  
I sit me down and moan.*

Would I be a butcher,  
I will not kill at need;  
Would I be a teacher,  
I cannot even read;  
Horses' hoofs no longer sound,  
And no creaking wheels turn round;

Would I be a blacksmith,  
I lack an anvil's aid;  
Would I keep a tavern,  
My wife would drive off trade;  
And I have no hay at all,  
And I have no oats at all;

Translation by  
ELIAS LIEBERMAN

### א בעל עגלה ליער

זאל איך ווערען א רב  
קען איך ניט קיין תורה;  
זאל איך זיין א סוחר,  
האב איך ניט קיין סחורה,  
און קיין היי האב איך ניט,  
און קיין האבער האב איך ניט

און די ווייב שילט זיך,  
און א טרונקע בראנפען ווילט זיך,  
זעה איך מיר א שטיין,  
ועץ איך מיר און וויין.

זאל איך זיין א שוחט,  
האלט איך ניט קיין חלף;  
זאל איך זיין א מלמד,  
קען איך ניט קיין אלף.  
און די פערד געהען ניט,  
און די רעדער דרעהען ניט.

וויל איך זיין א קאוואל,  
האב איך קיין קאוואדלע;  
וויל איך זיין א שיינקער,  
איז מיין ווייב א פאדלע,  
און קיין היי האב איך ניט,  
און קיין האבער האב איך ניט.

## WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE MESSIAH COMES?

Translation by  
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by  
M. Persin

Andante

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a mix of chords and moving lines, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system ends with a repeat sign. The fourth system ends with a repeat sign.

Tell us, Rab-bi, do;

What will hap - pen when Mes - si - ah comes at last? When Mes -

si - ah comes at last? We shall pre - pare a joy - ous feast.

What shall we eat then, at the joy - ous feast? The

sa - cred bull and le - vi - a - than, The

sa - cred bull and le - vi - a - than, The

*p*

sa-cred bull and le-vi-a-than we shall eat with him, the  
sa-cred bull and le-vi-a-than we shall eat with him, At the joy - ous feast.

*D. S. ♪ for following verses*



## וואָס וועט זיין, אז משיח וועט קומען ?

זאָגט זשע, רבי'ניו, וואָס וועט זיין,  
אז משיח וועט שוין קומען ?  
אז משיח וועט קומען,  
וועלען מיר מאַכען אַ סעודה'ניו !  
וואָס וועלען מיר עסען, אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?  
דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן ! (2 מאָל)  
דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען  
אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

וואָס וועלען מיר טרינקען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?  
דעם יין המשומר ! (2 מאָל)  
דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,  
דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען  
אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

ווער וועט אונז תורה זאָגען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?  
משה רבינו ! (2 מאָל)  
משה רבינו וועט אונז תורה זאָגען,  
דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,  
דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען  
אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

ווער וועט אונז שפיעלען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?  
דוד המלך ! (2 מאָל)  
דוד המלך וועט אונז שפיעלען,  
משה רבינו וועט אונז תורה זאָגען,  
דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,  
דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען  
אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

ווער וועט אונז חכמית זאָגען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?  
שלמה המלך ! (2 מאָל)  
שלמה המלך וועט אונז חכמות זאָגען,  
דוד המלך וועט אונז שפיעלען,  
משה רבינו וועט אונז תורה זאָגען,  
דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,  
דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען  
אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

ווער וועט אונז טאנצען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?  
מרים הנביאה ! (2 מאָל)  
מרים הנביאה וועט אונז טאנצען,  
שלמה המלך וועט אונז חכמות זאָגען,  
דוד המלך וועט אונז שפיעלען,  
משה רבינו וועט אונז תורה זאָגען,  
דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,  
דעם שור הכר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען  
אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

## What Will Happen When the Messiah Comes?

Tell us, Rabbi, do;  
 What will happen when Messiah comes at last,  
 When Messiah comes at last?  
 We shall prepare a joyous feast.

What shall we eat then, at the joyous feast?  
 The sacred bull and leviathan, ]2  
 The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,  
 At the joyous feast.

What shall we drink then at the joyous feast?  
 The wine we have preserved; ]2  
 The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;  
 The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,  
 At the joyous feast.

Who will expound the law at the joyous feast?  
 Moses, the Master; ]2  
 Moses, the Master, will expound the law;  
 The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;  
 The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,  
 At the joyous feast.

Who will play for us at the joyous feast?  
 David, the King; ]2  
 David, the King, will play for us;  
 Moses, the Master, will expound the law;  
 The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;  
 The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,  
 At the joyous feast.

Who will wisely speak to us at the joyous feast?  
 King Solomon; ]2  
 King Solomon will wisely speak to us;  
 David, the King, will play for us;  
 Moses, the Master, will expound the law;  
 The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;  
 The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,  
 At the joyous feast.

Who will dance for us at the joyous feast?  
 Prophetess Miriam; ]2  
 Prophetess Miriam will dance for us;  
 King Solomon will wisely speak to us;  
 David, the King, will play for us;  
 Moses, the Master, will expound the law;  
 The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;  
 The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,  
 At the joyous feast.

SONGS FROM INDIA

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## GOPI'S COMPLAINT

INDIA

Translation by  
Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

Recorded by  
Ratan Devi

Tempo giusto

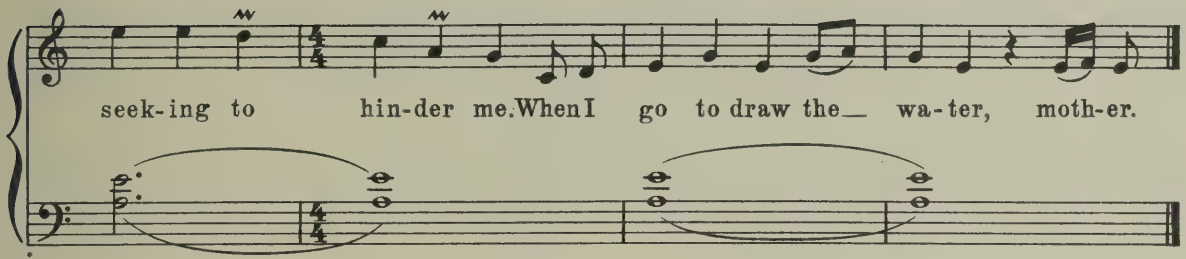
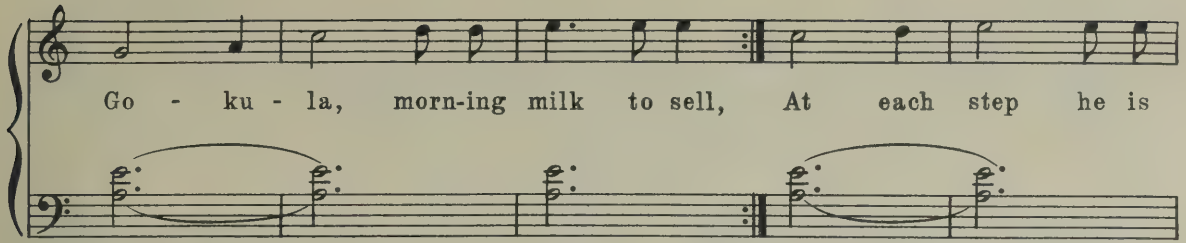
When I go to draw the wa-ter, moth-er, at Jam-na

1. bank, When I bank, 2. He catches my clothes and

twists my hand, He catches my clothes and twists my hand, When I

go to draw the wa-ter, moth-er. When I go to





Jala bharna chalī rī mā'ī jamanā ghāta  
 Anchara pakara mora marōrat hāth,  
 Haun jo jāta gokula dudha bhechena  
 Bāta ghāta muse karatarāra.

Aiso langar dhītwa mora kyā kahūn  
 Bāra bāra āvat jāvat ye to kāhe ko karat yi nauhara  
 Bhuj pakarat morā mukh mīndatkar pakarat mohe girhūn lagāve  
 Jā pukānūn rājā kans ke age nā dar manūngi torā.

### Gopi's Complaint

When I go to draw the water, mother, at Jamna bank,  
 He catches my clothes and twists my hand,  
 When I go to draw the water, mother.  
 When I go to Gokula, morning milk to sell,  
 At each step he is seeking to hinder me.  
 When I go to draw the water, mother.

He is so obstinate, mother, what can I say?  
 He ever comes and goes, mother; why does he so?  
 He is so obstinate, mother.  
 He seizes my arm and shuts my mouth and holds me close.  
 I will make my complaint to Kans Raja; I shall then have no fear of thee!  
 He is so obstinate, mother.

*Translation by*  
 ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

## TO THE HEM OF THY GARMENT I CLING

INDIA

Translation by  
Ananda K. CoomaraswamyRecorded by  
Ratan Devi

*Moderato*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and ornaments (trills and grace notes). The lyrics are: 'To thy garment I cling, O Rama! To thy garment I cling, O Rama! Thou my refuge art, Thou art my re - fuge; Thou art my Lord, Thou art my Lord. To the hem of thy garment, O Rama I cling!'.

To thy garment I cling, O Rama!

To thy garment I cling, O Rama!

Thou my re - fuge art, Thou art my

re - fuge; Thou art my Lord, Thou art my Lord.

To the hem of thy garment, O Rama I cling!

## INDIA

Main to tore dāman wāh lagun mere rām,  
 Sarana parhe ki lage tumhikko,  
 Tum ho mere maha rāja,  
 Main to tore dāman wāh lagun mere rām,

## To the Hem of Thy Garment I Cling

To thy garment I cling, O Rama!  
 Thou my refuge art, thou art my refuge;  
 Thou art my Lord, thou art my Lord.  
 To the hem of thy garment, O Rama, I cling!

*Translation by*  
 ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

## INDIA

Words by  
 Rabindranath Tagore

### AMINA'S SONG

(Song of a Burmese girl)

The bee is to come and the bee is to hum Till the  
 heart of the flow-er comes out. The bud says yea and the  
 bud says nay, She sways with a fear and doubt. O errant of way-ward

wings, O guest of the sumptuous summer, Give up thy hope yet

keep up thy heart, Sun-ny days' gay new-comer. Whisper in tear-ful

tunes un-tried And wait with a faith de-vout;— For the

bud says yea, And the bud says nay; She sways with a fear—and doubt.

### Amina's Song

The bee is to come and the bee is to hum  
 Till the heart of the flower comes out.  
 The bud says yea and the bud says nay,  
 She sways with a fear and doubt.  
 O errant of wayward wings,  
 O guest of the sumptuous summer,  
 Give up thy hope yet keep up thy heart,  
 Sunny days' gay newcomer.  
 Whisper in tearful tunes untried  
 And wait with a faith devout; ..  
 For the bud says yea, and the bud says nay;  
 She sways with a fear and doubt.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE



## JASMINE BLOOMS IN MY COURTYARD

Translation by  
Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

Recorded by  
Ratan Devi

*Lento con espressione*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has two staves: a vocal staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, and a piano accompaniment staff. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Jas - mine blooms in my' and continues with 'court' followed by a sixteenth-note triplet and a quarter-note triplet. The piano accompaniment provides a simple harmonic support. The second system continues the vocal line with 'yard and wafts — its scent a-cross my bed.' and features more complex piano accompaniment with sixteenth-note patterns.

Angan phūlī chamba mālatī khat nāl ūe chhorī bāsa,  
Jamūān dī karnī pyariā chākri, Kashmīr āñ dī pa'i mahīm,  
Chitṭhiān bhej dā koī nahīn āondā terā sukha sānd.  
Angan phūlī chamba mālatī khat nāl ūe chhorī bāsa.

## Jasmine Blooms In My Courtyard

Jasmine blooms in my courtyard, and wafts its scent across my bed!  
In Jammu thy service, my beloved, but now art thou gone to far Kashmir:  
How many letters I have sent, beloved! Not one comes back to tell of thee.  
Jasmine blooms in my courtyard, and wafts its scent across my bed!

Translation by  
ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

## SONGS FROM CHINA

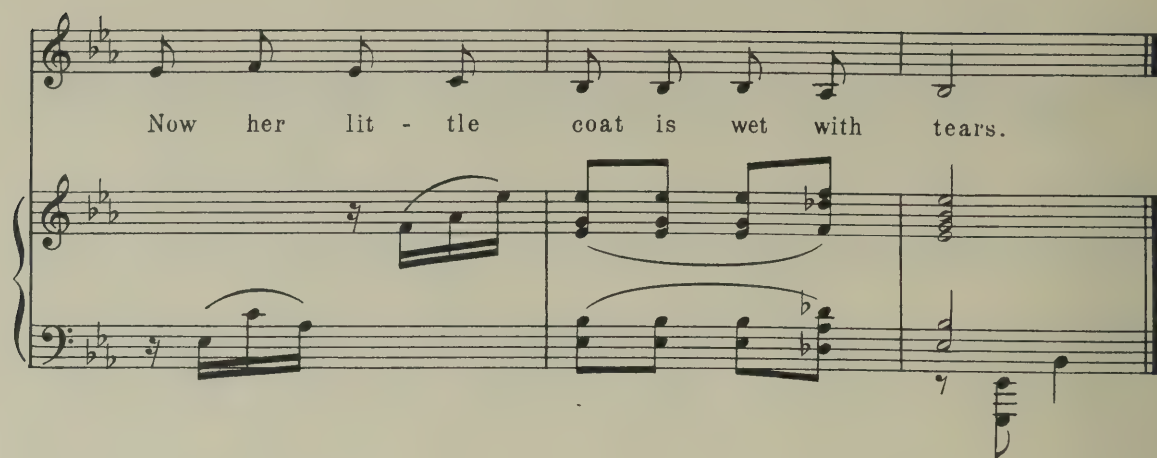
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English version by  
Witter Bynner

Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features flowing arpeggiated figures in the right hand and more rhythmic patterns in the left hand, often with sustained notes or chords.

Lan - terns lit a year a - go Made the street like  
day; Wil - lows held the moon;  
Lov - ers pro - mised love. Now a - gain it's  
lan - tern - time. No one comes to her; no one comes;



去年元夜時  
花市燈如畫  
月上柳梢頭  
人約黃昏後  
今年元夜時  
人與燈依舊  
不見去年人  
淚濕青衫袖

朱淑真女史生查子

### The Feast of Lanterns

Lanterns lit a year ago  
Made the street like day;  
Willows held the moon;  
Lovers promised love.  
Now again it's lantern-time.  
No one comes to her; no one comes;  
Now her little coat is wet with tears.

*English version by*  
WITTER BYNNER



English version by  
Witter Bynner

Andante

Riv - er, - flow, riv - er, - flow

Toward your an - cient har - bor - town.

Fair - y moun - tain, what is in her heart? On - ly

grief, on - ly pain, On - ly long - ing till he



汴水流 泗水 流 到 瓜 州 古  
 渡 頭 吳 山 點 點 愁 思 悠 悠 恨  
 悠 悠 恨 到 歸 時 方 始 休 月 明  
 人 倚 樓 白 居 易 長 相 思

### Longing

River, flow; river, flow  
 Toward your ancient harbor-town.  
 Fairy-mountain, what is in her heart?  
 Only grief, only pain,  
 Only longing till he come—  
 See her leaning in the moon.

*English version by*  
 WITTER BYNNER

English version by  
Witter Bynner

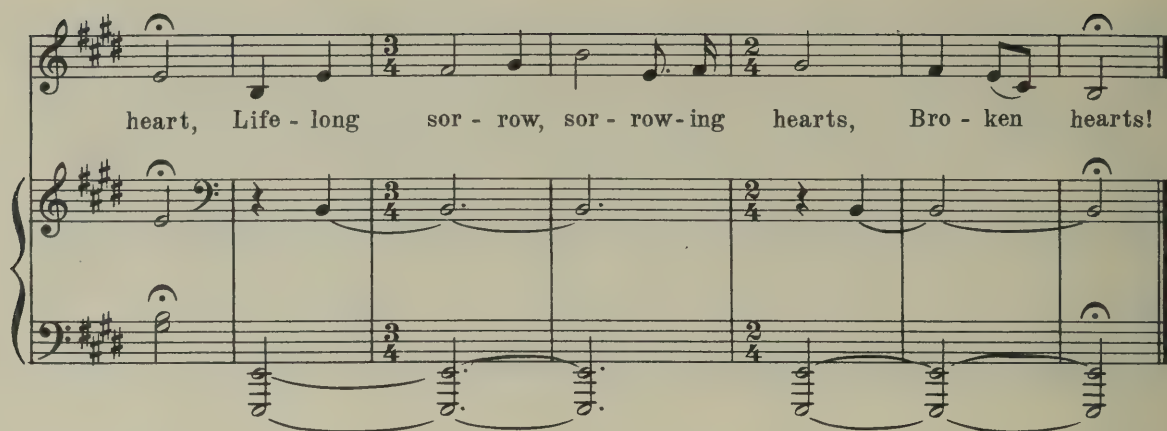
*Largo*

See how sad she leans there on her bal - co - ny!

Af - ter the rain, still she weeps. Brave, he now has served

All these thir - ty - times, Three thou - sand miles a -

way from home. Moon and clouds wait for no one's



了 千 激 歌 怒  
 少 里 烈 抬 髮  
 年 路 三 望 衝  
 頭 雲 十 眼 冠  
 空 和 功 仰 凭  
 悲 月 名 天 欄  
 切 莫 塵 長 處  
 岳 等 與 嘯 瀟  
 飛 閑 土 壯 雨  
 滿 白 八 懷  
 江 詞 上 閣

Yoh-Wu-Mo

See how sad she leans there on her balcony!  
 After the rain, still she weeps.  
 Brave, he now has served  
 All these thirty times,  
 Three thousand miles away from home.  
 Moon and clouds wait for no one's heart.  
 Lifelong sorrow, sorrowing hearts,  
 Broken hearts!

English version by  
 WITTER BYNNER



English version by  
Witter Bynner

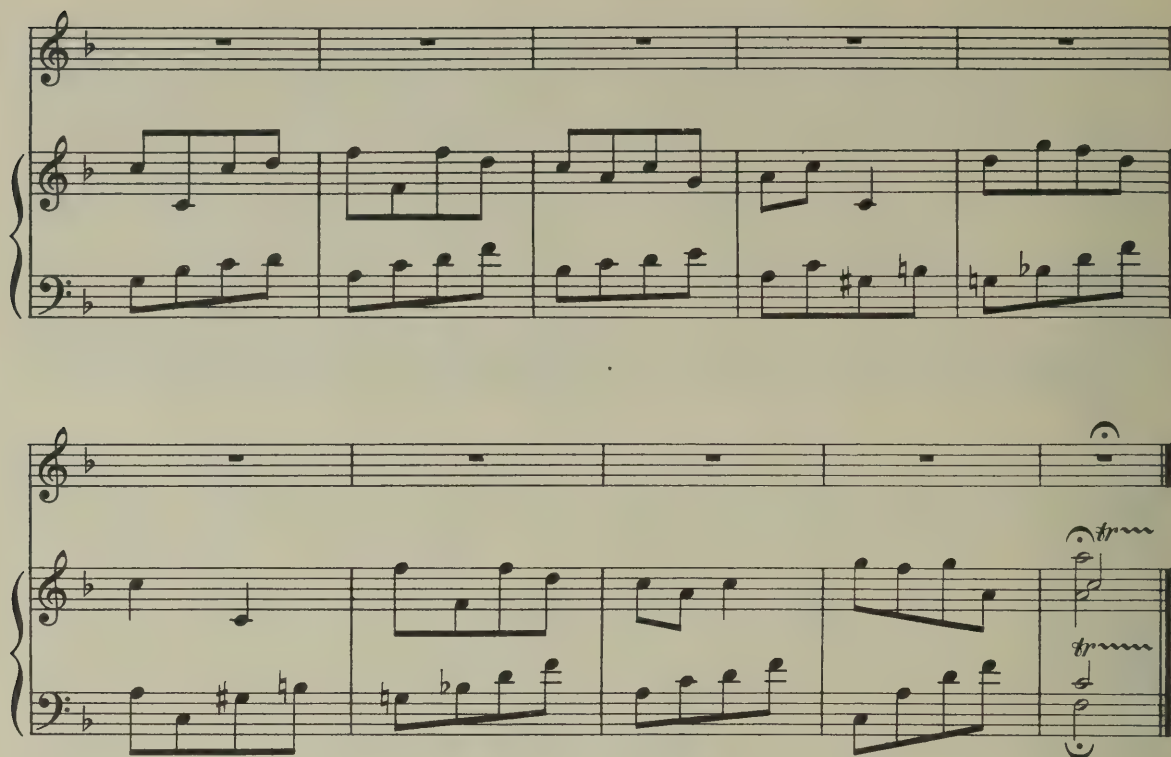
*Allegro moderato*

Down the west has gone the sun; Quick I —

leap the col - ored wall. Full are the wil - low leaves

round her room. There a lit - tle maid - en sits in the

light And weaves with point - ed fin - gers a pair of hap - py birds.



一更裏跳粉牆  
 繡房楊柳高又  
 長二八佳人燈下  
 坐十指尖繡鴛  
 鴦十指尖繡鴛  
 鴦詩謠一首

### A Love-Song

Down the west has gone the sun ;  
 Quick I leap the colored wall.  
 Full are the willow-leaves round her room.  
 There a little maiden sits in the light  
 And weaves with pointed fingers a pair of happy birds.

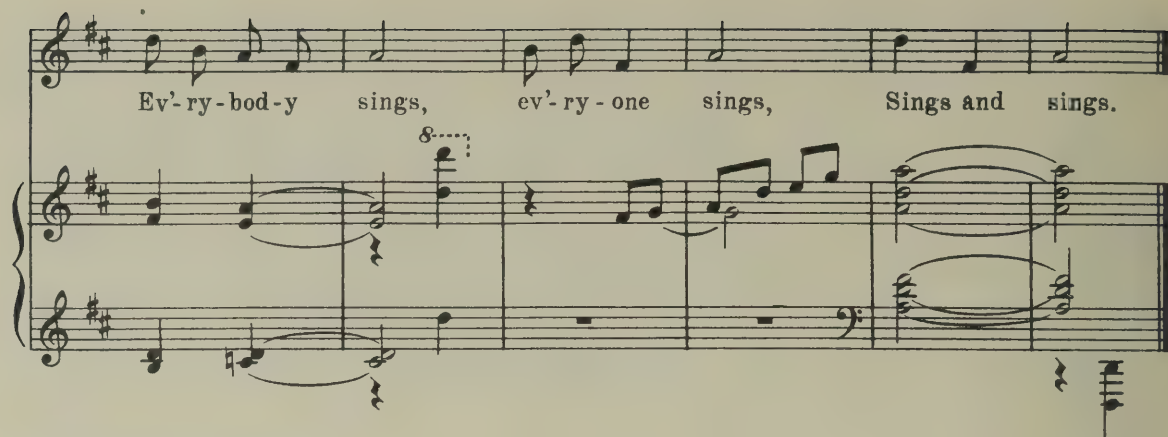
*English version by*  
 WITTER BYNNER

English version by  
Witter Bynner

Moderato

What a love - ly li - ly grows! What a love - ly li - ly grows! New the flow'r, new the gar - den, O what joy in our gar - den grows! When a king rules like a king, Ev'ry-one lives at peace with all his fel-low-men;

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features arpeggiated chords and sustained bass notes. The score ends with a double bar line.



好一朶水仙花  
好一朶水仙  
花新花吧又一朶落在汝  
我家君有道民安樂家  
喜唱太平歌 詩謠一首

### The Lily

What a lovely lily grows,  
What a lovely lily grows!  
New the flower, new the garden,  
O what joy in our garden grows!  
When a king rules like a king,  
Everyone lives at peace with all his fellow-men;  
Everybody sings, everyone sings,  
Sings and sings.

*English version by*  
WITTER BYNNER



## SPRING - TIME

Words by  
Cheng Hao  
Translation by  
Louise S. Hammond

Traditional Reading Tune  
Rendered by Chin Chang-nien  
Arranged by  
Louise S. Hammond

Moderato

Scant clouds just flake the noon sky; By  
wil - lowed stream - lets stroll I. But men know not my  
heart's joy, And say, "Old fool, the hours fly."

春景  
程顥  
雲淡風輕近午天  
傍花隨柳過前川  
時人不識余心樂  
將謂偷閒學少年

## Spring-Time

Scant clouds just flake the noon sky;  
By willowed streamlets stroll I.  
But men know not my heart's joy,  
And say, "Old fool, the hours fly."

By CHENG HAO

Translation by  
LOUISE S. HAMMOND

## SONGS FROM JAPAN

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## IT IS SPRING

Translation by  
Shigeyoshi Obata

Melody and text  
Recorded by  
Yoshio Fujii

*Allegro moderato*

With you, dear heart, \_\_\_\_\_ when I jour - ney, —

I care \_\_\_\_\_ not how sea - sons pass.

(spoken)  
*Ho - cho-say ho - cho-say! O hear the night - in-gales call; \_\_\_\_\_*

(spoken)  
It is spring, the \_\_\_\_\_ spring! *Ho - cho-say, ho - cho-say!*

鶯か鳴く  
 春ちやさらな  
 ホツチヨセ  
 月日も忘れ  
 ホツチヨセ  
 様とな旅すりや  
 様と旅すりや

### It Is Spring

With you, dear heart, when I journey,  
I care not how seasons pass.

*Ho-cho-say, ho-cho-say!*

O hear the nightingales call;

It is spring, the spring!

*Ho-cho-say, ho-cho-say!*

Translation by  
SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

### LULLABY

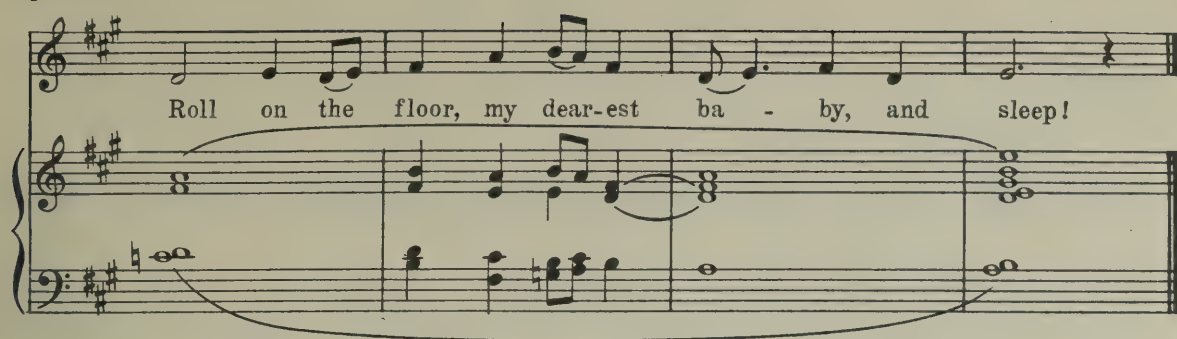
JAPAN

Translation by  
Shigeyoshi Obata

Andante

Sleep, sleep;— lie— down,— dear;— go to sleep!





# 子守歌

ねんねんよおころりよ  
 坊やはよい子だねんねおし  
 坊やお守りはどこへ行つた  
 あの山越えてお里行つた  
 お里のおみやに何もうた  
 こんでん大鼓に笙の笛  
 おきあかりこぼしに大張子  
 坊やはよい子だねんねおし  
 ねんねんよおころりよ  
 坊やはよい子だねんねおし

## Lullaby

Sleep, sleep; lie down, dear; go to sleep!  
 Roll on the floor, my dearest baby, and sleep!

Do you remember yesterday your nurse was gone,  
 Gone to her town across the mountains of the north?

What did she bring for baby home from yonder town?  
 Flutes and mouth-organs and a thunder-sounding drum;

Doll dogs of paper and doll tumblers fat and round.  
 Now on the floor my sweetest baby lies to sleep.

Sleep, sleep; lie down, dear; go to sleep!  
 Roll on the floor, my dearest baby, and sleep!

Translation by  
 SHIGETOSHI OBATA

Translation by  
Shigeyoshi Obata

Melody and text  
Recorded by  
Yoshio Fujii

*Allegro*

High on the moun - tains of

Ki - so It is cold in sum - mer -

tide. A warm coat

I'd send my love, A warm coat I'd send

my love, A pair of stock - ings, too.

(spoken)

To - ko - se kee - na - sho a - ba - yo Don don!

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first system features a vocal melody with lyrics 'my love, A pair of stock - ings, too.' and a piano accompaniment with sustained chords. The second system is marked '(spoken)' and contains the lyrics 'To - ko - se kee - na - sho a - ba - yo Don don!' with a similar piano accompaniment.

木曾節

木曾の市山嶽山は

夏でも寒い

裕やりたや裕やりたや

足袋を添へて

トコセキナシヨ

アバヨドンク

### A Song From Kiso

High on the mountains of Kiso  
 It is cold in summertime.  
 A warm coat I'd send my love;  
 A warm coat I'd send my love,  
 A pair of stockings, too.  
 Tokose keenasho abayo  
 Don don!

Translation by  
 SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

## THE FOUR SEASONS IN KIOTO

JAPAN

(A Koto song)

Translation by  
Shigeyoshi Obata*Allegro moderato*As sung by  
Toya Sakamoto  
Arranged by  
Henry Eichheim

There's, for flow'rs of spring, the hill      Hi-ga-shi -

ya - - ma;      For au - tumn moon, the ri - ver \_\_\_\_\_ Ka -

tsu - ra - ga - wa;

To - ba, for fields of young rice; \_\_\_\_\_ For



snow scenes, O - no; And count - less views pas - sing fair. — O  
 Roy - al Kio - to!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single line with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The first system covers the lyrics 'snow scenes, O - no; And count - less views pas - sing fair. — O'. The second system covers 'Roy - al Kio - to!'. The piano part features arpeggiated chords and flowing sixteenth-note passages. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) appears in the second system, and a *f* (forte) marking is at the end of the piece.

四季の歌  
 花さく春は東山  
 月澄む秋は桂川  
 田畑の早苗小野の雪  
 都につきぬその眺め

### The Four Seasons in Kyoto

There's, for flowers of spring, the hill  
 Higashiyama;  
 For autumn moon, the river  
 Katsuragawa;  
 Toba, for fields of young rice;  
 For snow scenes, Ono;  
 And countless views passing fair.  
 O Royal Kyoto!

Translation by  
 SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

## WAITING

JAPAN

Translation by  
Shigeyoshi ObataAs sung by  
Tamaki Miura  
(Original key F)

*Moderato*

Voice

A - wait - - - - ing,

Piano

a - wait - - - - ing

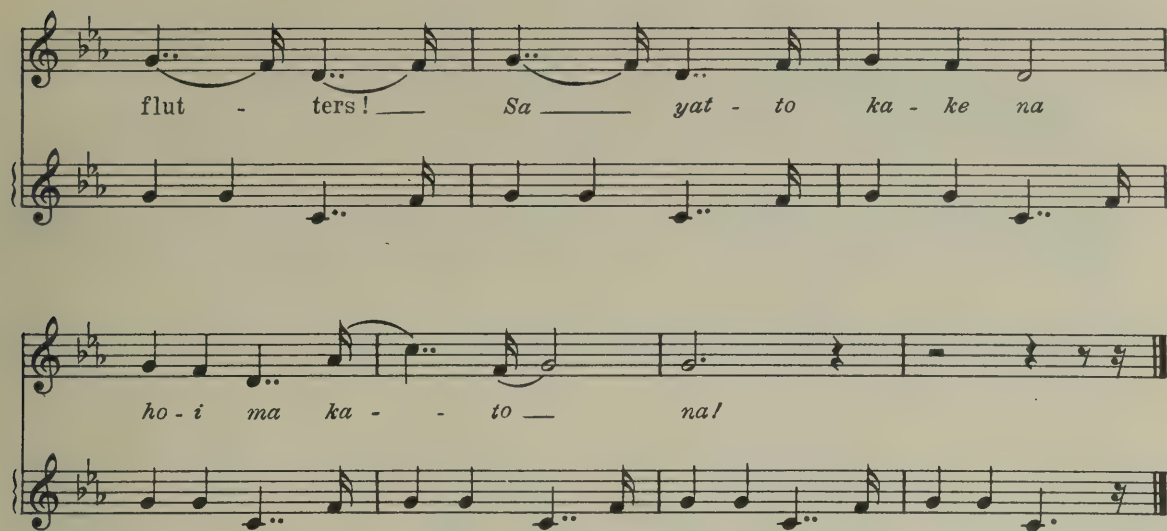
you, I watch by the sea. Will you come?

*poco rit.*

Yo ho - i ma! Sea winds pass from pine

*più mosso*

to pine How my heart



來  
る  
か  
來  
る  
か  
と  
 濱  
へ  
出  
て  
み  
れ  
ば  
 濱  
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風  
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 船  
う  
た

### Waiting

Awaiting, awaiting you,  
 I watch by the sea.  
 Will you come?  
 Yo ho-i ma!  
 Sea winds pass from pine to pine.  
 How my heart flutters!  
 Sa yatto kake na,  
 Ho-i ma kato na!

Translation by  
 SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

## COUNTING SONG

(New Year's Song)

Translation by  
Shigeyoshi Obata

*Andante con moto*

One for song and O! Wel - come, O

joy - ful New Year, beau - ti - ful and bright,

beau - ti - ful and bright; Gar-lands of rice straw and fern, and

green young sprays of pine, — green young sprays of pine!



## 数へ歌

一つとや

一夜あくれば賑やかで、賑やかで  
おかしり立てたる松かしり、松かまり

二つとや

二葉の松は色やうて、色やうて  
さんかい松は春日山、春日山

三つとや

みなさんこの日は樂遊び、樂遊び  
春先小窓で羽根をつく、羽根をつく

## Counting Song

(NEW YEAR'S SONG)

One for song and O!  
Welcome, O joyful New Year, *beautiful and bright*;  
Garlands of rice straw and fern, and *green young sprays of pine*!

Two for song and O!  
Fair is the happy pine bough, *green from year to year*;  
Blest be the Three-storied Pine on *Kasuga's hillside*!

Three for song and O!  
Comrades, today we gambol *merrily and play*,  
Frisk in warm sunshine and gamely *swing the battledore*!

Translation by  
SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

\*The words in italics are repeated.

English version by  
Grace Hazard Conkling

Children's song

*Allegretto*

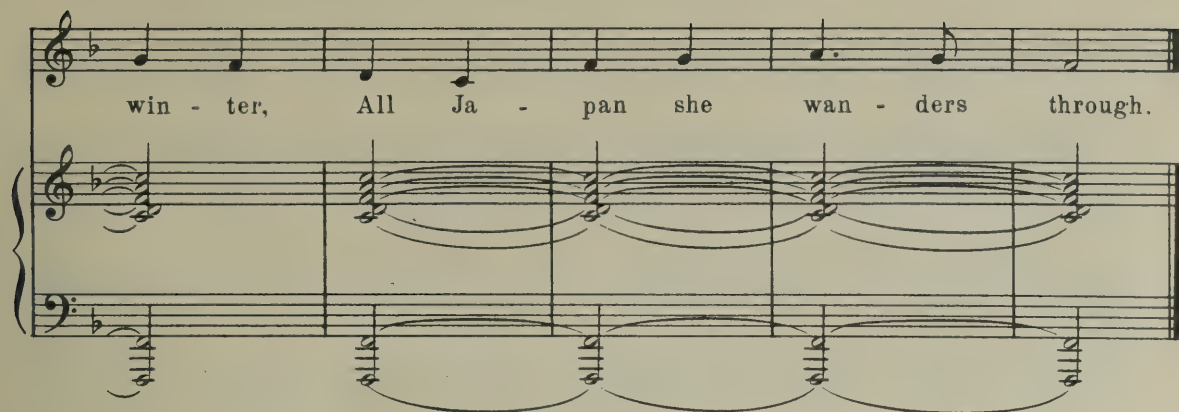
The musical score is written for a voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The lyrics are: 'Great is the moon that looks at me! She's nev-er old-er that I can see; She grows round, It is quite true, Some - times she is ver - y new. Spring and sum - mer, fall and'. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands, with some measures containing triplets or beamed eighth notes.

Great is the moon that looks at me!

She's nev-er old-er that I can see; She grows

round, It is quite true, Some - times she is

ver - y new. Spring and sum - mer, fall and



お月様

お月様えらいな  
 何時も年をとらないで  
 まんまるになつたり  
 三日月になつたり  
 春夏秋冬  
 日本中をてらす  
 お月様えらいな  
 お日様の兄弟で  
 鏡のやうになつたり  
 櫛のやうになつたり  
 春夏秋冬  
 世界中を照らす

### The Moon

Great is the moon that looks at me!  
 She's never older that I can see;  
 She grows round, it is quite true;  
 Sometimes she is very new.  
 Spring and summer, fall and winter,  
 All Japan she wanders through.

Great is the moon that looks at me!  
 The sun's sister she surely must be  
 Mirror-round, and sometimes too,  
 Like a comb of silver curled,  
 Spring and summer, fall and winter,  
 She goes shining through the world.

*English version by*  
 GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

English version by  
Grace Hazard Conkling

Children's song

Allegro

The musical score is written for a children's song in 2/4 time, marked 'Allegro'. It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written for both right and left hands. The lyrics are: (Rabbit) Tur-tle, tur-tle, on your way, Why are you so slow? No one else in all the world Takes so long to go! To the foot of yon-der hill Run a race with me; Then who's the bet-ter man May-be we shall see!

(Rabbit) Tur-tle, tur-tle, on your way, Why are you so slow?

No one else in all the world Takes so long to go!

To the foot of yon-der hill Run a race with me;

Then who's the bet-ter man May-be we shall see!



兔上龜

もしもし亀よ亀さんよ

世界の中に  
お前ほど

歩みののろい者はない

どうしてそんなにのろいのか

何とおつしやる 兔さん

そんならお前と馬うまけくらべ

向ふの小山の林原まで

どちらが先にかけつくか

とんちが急にでた

どうせ晩までかゝるだらう

こゝらでちよいとひと眠り

グー  
くくくくくくく

これは寝すぎたしくちつた

セヨ  
ン  
くくくくくくく

あんまりをい兔さん

さつきの自慢はどうしたの

## The Rabbit and the Turtle

(*Rabbit*): Turtle, turtle, on your way,  
Why are you so slow?  
No one else in all the world  
Takes so long to go!  
To the foot of yonder hill  
Run a race with me;  
Then who's the better man  
Maybe we shall see!

Let him hurry as he will,  
He will need all day!  
I'll just take a little snooze.  
Gu, gu, gu. (*Snoring.*)  
Dear me, I have slept too long!  
Pyon, pyon, pyon! (*Running.*)

(Turtle): Well, who walks slowly now?  
Are you still so proud?

English version by  
GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

(The Peach Boy)

English version by  
Grace Hazard Conkling

Children's song

Allegro

Mo-mo-ta-ro, gen-tle-heart-ed, found with-in a peach,

Far-ing forth to con-quer dev-ils and their is-land reach,

Strong of arm,— brave of pur-pose, con-fi-dent you were;

No one re-mem-bers quite— such a trav-el-er.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands. The score ends with a double bar line.

## 桃太郎

桃から生れた桃太郎

気はやさしくて力持ち

鬼が島をば打たんとして

いそいで家を出かけたり

日本の吉備團子

情につきくる犬と猿

雉も貰うてお供する

急げやものとも遅るなや

激しい戦に大勝利

鬼が島をば攻めふせて

取つた寶はなになにぞ

金銀珊瑚綾錦

車に積んだ寶物

犬が引き出すエンヤラヤ

雉が綱引くエンヤラヤ

猿があと押すエンヤラヤ

## Momotaro

(THE PEACH BOY)

Momotaro, gentle-hearted, found within a peach,  
Faring forth to conquer devils and their island reach,  
Strong of arm, brave of purpose, confident you were;  
No one remembers quite such a traveler.

Never such another dumpling in Japan was known  
As you shared with dog and monkey, giving them your own:  
When the pheasant came to join you he received his share;  
"Haste now, companions bold, time that we were there!"

They have conquered devils' island; fortunes they have made;  
What was their reward of victory? Silk and fine brocade.  
Coral red, gold and silver, all these have they won;  
Never was such a triumph known beneath the sun!

They have heaped upon a wagon wealth to take away.  
How the brave dog tugs to move it. . . . Engya-raya! \*  
Pheasant, too, pulls to help him. . . . Engya-raya!  
Behind, the monkey shoves. . . . Engya-raya!

English version by  
\* GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

\* Engya-raya, an exclamation used while working.

English version by  
Edwin Markham

Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'Cher - ry blooms, cher - ry blooms, Cher - ry blooms are ev - ry - where, Like a cloud from out the sky! Mist of blos - soms fills the air, Cher - ries, cher - ries blos - som - ing! Come and see, come and see; Let all see and sing.' The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands, with some passages marked with 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). There are also some decorative flourishes at the end of the piece.

Cher - ry blooms, cher - ry blooms, Cher - ry blooms are

ev - ry - where, Like a cloud from out the sky! Mist of blos - soms

fills the air, Cher - ries, cher - ries blos - som - ing! Come and see,

come and see; Let all see and sing.



櫻

さくら さくら

彌生のさくらは

見渡す限り

かすみか霞か

にほひそ出づる

いさや いさや

見に行かむ

咲いたさくら

花見てもどろ

吉野はさくら

龍田はもみぢ

唐崎の松

常盤々々

いさ行かむ

### Cherry Blooms

Cherry blooms, cherry blooms,  
Cherry blooms are everywhere,  
Like a cloud from out the sky!  
Mist of blossoms fills the air,  
Cherries, cherries, blossoming!  
Come and see, come and see;  
Let all see and sing.

Cherry blooms, cherry blooms,  
All the world their beauty sees!  
Yoshino is cherry land;  
Tatsuta for maple trees;  
Karasaki for the pine.  
Let us go, let us go  
Where pines greenly shine.

*English version by*  
EDWIN MARKHAM

## FROM NIPPON BRIDGE

JAPAN

Translation by  
Shigeyoshi Obata

Melody and text  
Recorded by  
Yoshio Fujii

*Allegretto*

From Nip - pon Bridge in Ye - do Starts our Dai - myo

train; See our ban - ners new Wave in the

morn - ing twi - light, Hey now, ho now, hey! Here is

Shi - na - ga - wa, Day is here now; out with

lan - tern lights! Hey now, hey! Ho now, hey!

日本橋

お江戸日本橋

セツ立

初のぼり行列そろへて

コレワヒサノサ

こちや品川夜明の提灯消す

コチヤエコチヤエ

From the Nippon Bridge

From Nippon Bridge in Yedo  
Starts our Daimyo\* train;  
See our banners new  
Wave in the morning twilight.  
Hey now, ho now, hey!  
Here is Shinagawa.  
Day is here now; out with lantern lights!  
Hey now, hey! Ho now, hey!

Translation by  
SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

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\*Daimyo—feudal, princely. Pron. *dime-yo*.

SONGS FROM AFRICA

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## DAY DAWNS WITH FREIGHT TO HAUL

213  
 PORTUGUESE  
 EAST AFRICA

Recorded by  
 Natalie Curtis

Rhythmic and spirited with broad swinging movement

Day dawns with freight to haul; e - ya, e - ya,  
 Kwae - ja no ma - ka - shot, e - ya, e - ya,

Hand-claps  
 and dance-steps  
 (Group I)

(Group II)

Day dawns with freight to haul; Look for the la - bel!  
 Kwae - ja no ma - ka - shot, ji - ka ma - la - ka!

Day dawns with freight to haul; e - ya, e - ya,  
 Kwae - ja no ma - ka - shot, e - ya, e - ya,

Day dawns with freight to haul; Look for the la - bel!  
 Kwae - ja no ma - ka - shot, ji - ka ma - la - ka!

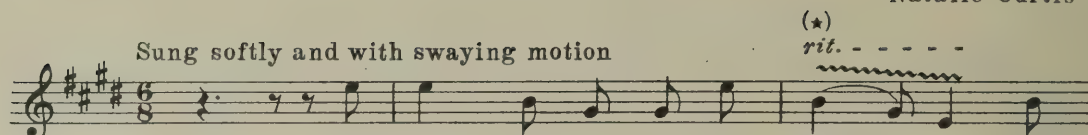
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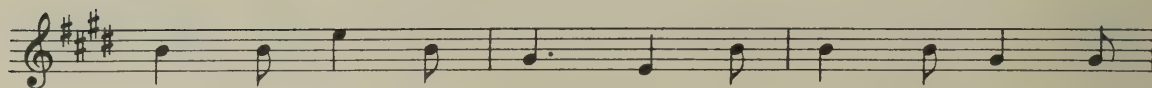
# LULLABY

ZULULAND

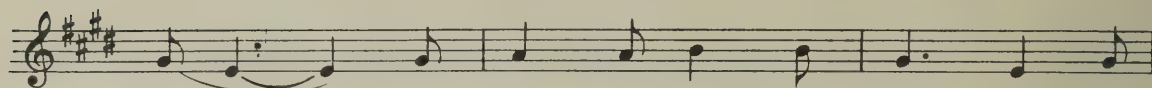
Recorded by  
Natalie Curtis



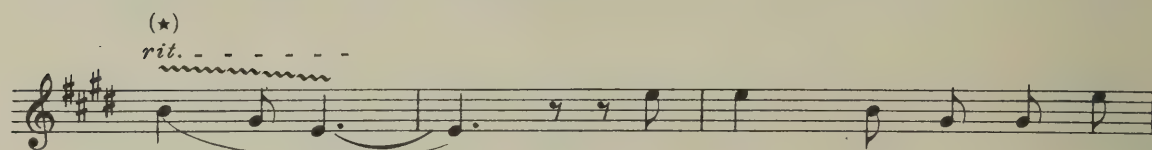
O hush thee, ba - by, O hush — thee! Thy  
O tu - la, mntwa-na, O tu - la! Un -



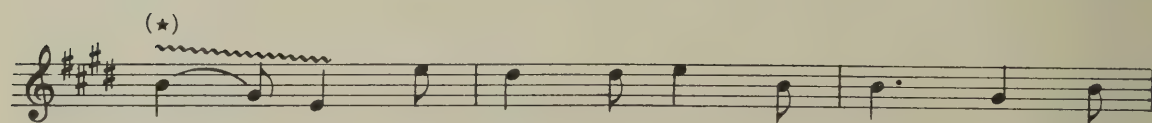
moth - er is not with thee, She tar - ried in the  
yo - kp a - ka mu - kp U - se - le 'zin - ta -



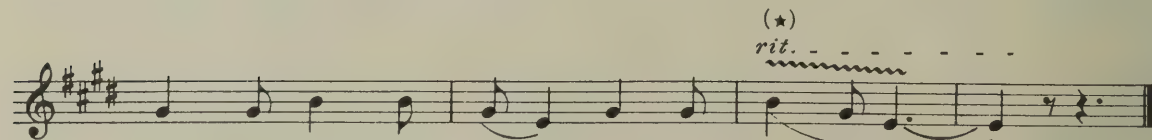
hills: ——— The zig - zag trail hath held her, I -  
ben: ——— U - hlu - shwa i - zi - gwe - gwe, I -



wa! ——— O hush thee, ba - by O  
wa! ——— O tu - la, mntwa-na, O



hush - thee! Thy moth - er soon is com - ing; She'll  
tu - la, Un - yo - ko o ze - zo - bu - ya, A



bring thee pret - ty ber - ries, I - wa! ———  
k'pa - te - le in - to en - hle, I - wa! ———

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(★) Intervals blurred in a long cooing, downward slur.

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